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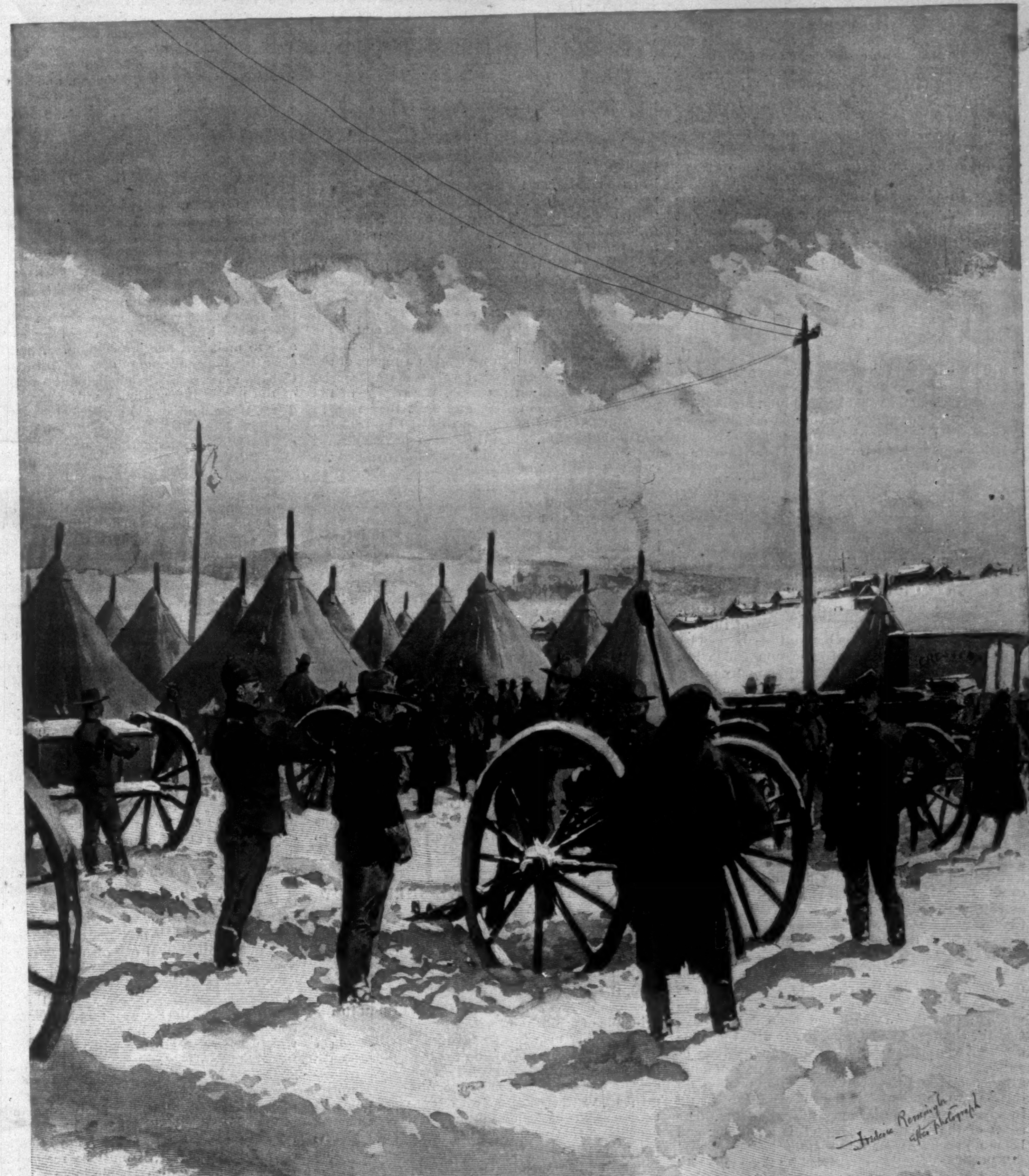

LEADVILLE'S DETERMINED STRIKE—THE DENVER CITY BATTERY AT CAMP McINTIRE.

Drawn by Frederic Remington after a Photograph by O'Keefe and Stockdorf.—[See Page 1217.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

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CONTINUING THE SILVER AGITATION.

THE threat put forth by Mr. BRYAN and his allies that they will at once resume the campaign for the free coinage of silver, and carry it on until the day of the Presidential election in 1900, will not alarm anybody. At least it should not. On the contrary, it is in a high degree desirable that the interest of the popular mind in the monetary question should be kept keenly alive; and there is nothing more calculated utterly to discredit the free-silver cause with every person of intelligence than Mr. BRYAN's way of discussing it. With every speech he made during the campaign his unfathomable ignorance of the subject became more and more painfully conspicuous; and his own overweening belief in the infallibility of his inspirations will prevent him from learning what he then did not know. In the excitement of the canvass, and clothed with the prestige of his astounding success in obtaining three nominations for the Presidency, he could assume the pose of a prophet who might promulgate assertions and doctrines as revealed truth without going to the trouble of proving anything. But in the sober atmosphere of every-day life such an assumption will appear ridiculously absurd, especially after having, in the election, failed to produce the effect so confidently expected by himself. It is a significant fact that in most of the middle Western States, which he made the principal theatre of his efforts, and in which he delivered the greater number of speeches, the outcome of the vote was especially disappointing to his friends. What he could not accomplish under the comparatively favorable conditions of the campaign, he certainly cannot accomplish now.

Neither have his fellow-agitators for free coinage any reason to hope for better results. Of all the free-silver literature with which the country has been flooded of late years, nothing was by far as effective as *Coin's Financial School*. It presented its fallacies and misrepresentations with a cleverness of statement which was well apt to deceive the unwary, and there is no doubt that it captivated hundreds of thousands of untutored minds. In fact, it became to many a sort of free-coinage bible, and was quoted by them as a syllabus of irrefragable truth. The charm of this seductive production, too, has been utterly broken by that merciless campaign of education which has swept over the land, clearing away so many mists, and making so many dark places accessible to the light of reason. All this kind of literature is burnt powder, and the game of artful deception which it so successfully played in its time cannot be repeated—especially since the great rise in the price of wheat has knocked the bottom out of the pretence that the "crime of 1873" was the sole cause of low prices. Nor can Governor ALTGELD, the only man of real ability in that company, hope to inspire, after his downfall, greater belief in what he says than he did before; and Senator TELLER's dulness, and Senator STEWART's fury, and Mr. ST. JOHN's mysterious deliverances will hardly find more receptive ears. Indeed, the silver agitators seek to comfort and encourage themselves by saying that, after all, they were defeated by a narrow margin, and that a change of less than 50,000 votes, properly distributed among several States, would have given them the victory. They deceive themselves. They should not forget that, had the election taken place three months earlier, they would probably have had the victory; that they lost ground from day to day; that the change of votes necessary to give them the election would have required not an increase of gains, but the recovery of many thousands of votes already lost; and that, had the election taken place one or two months later, their discomfiture would inevitably have been far more overwhelming. The story of the "narrow margin" is a fallacy, and bears no encouragement to them.

The silver agitation continued by these men will therefore as such not be dangerous if met with sober and candid argument, as it was during the Presidential campaign. It may, on the contrary, do good by stimulating the popular interest in the monetary question. But the victorious Republicans will greatly mistake the requirements of the time if they think that by refuting the silver men's talk, or even by placing our monetary system upon a sound basis, they will have done all that is needful. It was not the silver craze alone that gave Mr. BRYAN his votes, and not by merely killing the silver craze will they keep votes away from another demagogue, who, appealing to the same elements of discontent which made the silver craze strong, may become more dangerous than BRYAN was. The appeals which we hear so frequently in these days—that the alliance between the Republicans and the sound-money Democrats must be kept alive, and that they should work together until the monetary question is rightly settled and until the government is provided with sufficient revenue—are pleasant to the ear, and they invariably draw applause. We too wish to see this alliance maintained until it will have accomplished all its just purposes. But it should not serve to encourage that element in the Republican party which in the past has in so conspicuous a degree made the policy of the government subservient to private interests. It will be very hazardous to proceed upon the theory that all the discontents which, however unwisely, expressed themselves in the vote for BRYAN were entirely groundless.

It is said that the most long-headed among the Republican leaders are averse to any excessively protective tariff legislation, and we believe it. But as soon as the problem of providing sufficient revenue is up for action, they will find themselves exposed to the same pressure of greedy interests which in the past has done so much mischief. They will have to summon all their courage and firmness to resist that pressure. The people are more disposed than ever to resent any policy that favors the formation or maintenance of grasping trusts and the enrichment of a few at the expense of the many. And that resentment will now be apt to manifest itself in a much uglier form than a mere movement for the reduction of tariff rates. Neither should it be forgotten that there are two ways of providing for the financial needs of the government. One is by increasing the income, the other by reducing the expenditure. When we read in a report of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics that the appropriations made by Congress were, *per capita* of the population, $2 60 in 1885, and that they rose to $5 20 in 1892, and amounted to $4 50 in 1895, the conclusion lies near that the national expenditures have grown considerably beyond the growth of the country, and beyond the actual needs of the government economically administered. The people, especially the poor, have a right to object to being taxed, directly or indirectly, for excessive lavishness of expense; and they will object with increasing bitterness if they see reason to suspect that public money is being squandered for the very purpose of making a large revenue necessary.

This subject of taxation cannot too soon and too earnestly engage the attention of our statesmen, not only as to the size, but also as to the distribution of the burden to be imposed upon the people. It is becoming constantly more important to the peace and good order of society that this burden of taxation should be laid upon the rich and the poor in equitable proportion, not only in fact, but also in appearance. To bring about such results a good understanding and active co-operation between the Republicans and the sound-money Democrats may serve to very great advantage; and when this is accomplished such commotions as the silver craze will cease to be alarming. If they are not accomplished, commotions more mischievous and dangerous than the silver craze may come to trouble us very much.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S DIPLOMACY AND CUBA.

THE recent diplomatic history of the United States, as it is presented in the President's annual message, is one of which all Americans may be justly proud. The great event of this history—indeed, the great event of recent times—is the concurrence of this country and Great Britain in the principle of arbitration. Nothing within the memory of living men has so advanced civilization as the coming treaty providing for the submission to arbitration of all disputes between these two powers. Even so far as it has gone, this is an achievement that will signalize Mr. CLEVELAND's administration as one of the most beneficent, if not the most beneficent, that we have had. Out of the Venezuelan difficulty has come a splendid result, and the origin of the controversy and its attendant circumstances must be forgotten in view of the barrier that has been built by the diplomacy of Mr. OLNEY and the President against possible future wars between the two English-speaking powers.

There is one speck of war on our horizon, however, that must continue to disturb the minds not only of those who wish for universal peace, but of those who can foresee the evils that will result from the annexation of Cuba. For in war with Spain over Cuba, whether begun by this country or by Spain, are involved the dangers of annexation and of European complications. But it is not the part of wisdom to shut one's eyes either to the perils or to the possibilities of the situation. The attitude of the administration ought now to be well understood. Not a single duty will be shirked because the term of the administration is coming to an end. If it becomes necessary, in the opinion of Mr. CLEVELAND, to interfere for the purpose of putting an end to the struggle now going on in Cuba, the country may rest assured that he will do what he regards to be his duty.

The facts as they have been disclosed to the administration are known in a general way by the public. The conflict that is raging in Cuba is a public nuisance, from which citizens of this country are the most serious sufferers. Their property and trade have been injured, and in some instances ruined. The Spanish government has made no progress towards the suppression of the insurrection. Indeed, there is less reason now than there was a year ago to suppose that Spain can retain this rich possession, and day by day there is less and less hope for the Captain-General and the government at Madrid. Competent observers believe that Spanish success is impossible. General WEYLER is in the mountains in the west of Cuba, making a supreme effort to destroy MACEO. He has massed his great force in that quarter, and has practically abandoned the eastern end of the island to GOMEZ. Unless the present expedition of WEYLER is successful, it will be evident that Spain must yield, and that the insurgents will win their right to independence. The question that confronts the administration is, what will be its duty when it is evident that Spain must abandon Cuba.

The administration holds, as it has always held, that this country must respect the territory and the political rights of Spain so long as Spain is able to maintain her jurisdiction. But when it is clear that the continuance of the effort to defeat the Cubans must result in an indefinite maintenance of the public international nuisance at our very doors, the administration will insist that the war shall be brought to an end. If interference is necessary to the accomplishment of this object, Mr. CLEVELAND will interfere. He will also insist that this country alone shall interfere, and that no European country shall strengthen or increase its American possessions by the acquisition of Cuba.

The mode of interference will probably be a notice to Spain that the war must be brought to an end within a certain stated time. There will be no recognition of belligerency, and there certainly will be no blow delivered by this government, if the administration has its way, without an earnest effort to help Spain abandon Cuba in a manner that is as consistent as may be with her honor and dignity.

These are the facts and the immediate possibilities of the situation. We have spoken of them as creating a speck of war on the horizon. It will be seen that the administration is not inviting war. War may be precipitated, however, either by this country or by the Spanish government. If Congress shall pass a resolution recognizing the independence of Cuba, and if the consideration of the resolution be made the occasion for such hot-headed and intemperate explosions as Senators indulged in at the last session, we are likely to have a war on our hands at once; and such a war will involve not only danger of annexation, but the graver danger of troublesome complications with other European countries. If Congress remain quiet, the administration may be able to work out a peaceable and satisfactory solution of our difficulties; if it interfere, it may not only plunge us into war, but into a war of our own beginning—a consummation which every one with the good of the country at heart wishes to avoid.

The other danger of war lies in the ignorance and passions of the Spanish people. WEYLER's defeat or success may lead to riots in Havana in which American citizens will be the object of the wrath of Spaniards and Spanish sympathizers. In Spain the mob is already angry with the government for its lack of success, and the government may not be able to withstand the demands of the people that the United States shall be punished for the aid that the insurgents have had from this country. Moreover, it must be remembered that the ignorant Spanish people have no conception of the power of this country, and confidently believe that their army and navy could defeat us with ease.

It is clear that there may be war with Spain. It will be gratifying to the country to know that the navy is fully prepared for it. But while there are chances that an armed conflict will result, it is also clear that the safest hands in which to leave the problem are Mr. CLEVELAND'S and Mr. OLNEY'S, whose good sense and ability may be depended on to find a way, if it be possible, to bring peace to Cuba, while keeping war from the United States.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM THREATENED.

THERE are rumors afloat that Mr. PLATT intends to make an attempt to evade the civil-service provision of the Constitution. This rumor is mainly due, we fancy, to the activity of one GRUBER, a local politician of this city, who is anxious to re-reform the civil service of the State in order that his friends, the heelers, shall not be obliged to depend upon their intellectual and moral fitness for office.

Various schemes are suggested, most of which, we fancy, in view of the position which the Court of Appeals has already taken, will be declared unconstitutional if they ever get so far as to be embodied in statutes. For example, we do not believe that the court would tolerate a scheme permitting the head of a department to pick out his partisan or personal favorites from a long list of eligibles.

The important assault upon the reformed service and the merit system generally, it seems to be agreed, is to be in the form of a bill providing for examinations by the immediate appointing power, instead of by the Civil Service Commission. Such a scheme as this is invented for the purpose of defeating civil service reform. There can be no mistake on that point. Whoever invented it is an enemy of civil service reform, and whoever votes for a bill of such character is his accomplice or his tool. The spoils politicians see that when the whole civil service is based on the merit system the reason for their existence will not be so great as it is, and apparently they are about to make a strong fight to hold the plunder which they have, and to regain some of that which they have lost.

They are depending on the great Republican majority in the Legislature and on Governor BLACK to help them in their attempt to beat the Constitution, but we shall have faith, until we know the contrary, that the Republicans who control the State government are not oblivious of the fact that their victory was not a partisan victory, and that the people look to them for better, not for worse, government than they have had under Democratic administrations. We do not believe, at all events, in view of his fine record made in Troy as the effective enemy of the thug in politics, that Governor BLACK will lend himself to a conspiracy against civil service reform, no matter who may be the archconspirator.

MR. LAMONT'S REPORT.

SECRETARY LAMONT is the first cabinet officer to make his annual report, and as it is the last annual report that he will make before the end of his term of office, it is in order to congratulate him on the efficient and business-like character of his conduct of the affairs of the army.

In the mere matter of the economical expenditure of money, Mr. LAMONT has been a model Secretary of War. His expenditures for the last fiscal year, 1896, for example, were $582,750 less than the expenditures for 1892, the year before Mr. LAMONT took charge of the Department. Besides this, in the fiscal years 1894, 1895, and 1896 the Secretary turned back into the Treasury unexpended balances aggregating more than $5,000,000. This fact is not only an evidence of Mr. LAMONT'S business-like management of his appropriations, but a commentary on the recklessness with which Congress makes appropriations.

But Mr. LAMONT has accomplished more than these economies, important as they are. He has utilized his small force with skill, and he will retire from office with the gratifying consciousness that the army is more effective than he found it. He will retire also with the good-will of the best officers of the service. He has carried on the consolidation of posts, a work of urgent necessity; for the one and two company posts, despite their former necessity when dangerous Indians were more numerous than they are now, have been fruitful breeders of the unmilitary spirit which comes from lack of what may be called the aggressive discipline that is the result of competition and association.

The army is in excellent condition, but the force is not adequate for any military purpose, while the organization of the infantry is obsolete. Congress is appropriating large sums of money for coast defence. Since 1888 $26,457,160 has been appropriated by Congress for the purchase of sites, the construction of forts and submarine defences, and for armament. About one-third of this was appropriated under the act of last June. Under these acts there will be completed, ready for armament, by July 1, 1897, ninety-three emplacements—forty-nine for guns, and forty-four for mortars. Contracts have been made for seventy-seven additional emplacements that will be ready for their guns December 1, 1897; and by July 1 of this year there were completed sixty-one 8-inch, fifty-six 10-inch, and twenty-one 12-inch guns, and eighty 12-inch mortars. Contracts have been made for the construction of the rest; and on June 30, 1898, all but sixty-three of the contemplated pieces will have been completed. The work of building gun and mortar carriages has also been successfully carried on. If Congress appropriate the $10,500,000 which Secretary LAMONT asks for, as it ought, the defence of the sea-coast will be amply provided for.

This is excellent work. But there remains something more to be provided by Congress, and that is a modern army, including sufficient force of artillery to man and care for the works building and to be built. It is to be hoped that Congress will furnish the means and authority for that increase of force, without which our modern fortifications and modern armament will not be wholly available.

RUSSIA IN THE FAR EAST.

THE announcement that a Japanese war-ship has been ordered to the Philippines is undoubtedly significant as a move in the great game of "planetary politics." The troubles of Spain are the opportunities of other powers bent upon acquisition. Especially are her troubles in the Philippines the opportunity of Russia. The open port on the Pacific which has long been a prime object of Russia's diplomacy she seems now about to obtain, and through the action of the very power which, not even excepting Great Britain, is most opposed to her obtaining it. The Japanese look not so much with jealousy as with dread upon the expansion of Russia towards the Pacific upon the mainland of Asia, esteeming it as a threat against the integrity and the independence of their own island empire. An outlying naval station in the Philippines would be of great strategic benefit to Russia, and would constitute a continual menace to Japan, to which, indeed, in case of a naval war in the Pacific, such a station of her own would be necessary to her effective defence. But it is even more desirable to her to keep it from Russia than to secure it for herself, and to prevent Russia from getting it is doubtless the chief mission of the Japanese man-of-war.

The purchase, either by Russia or by Japan, of one of the Philippines would be much easier than the purchase by any power of the "Pearl of the Antilles." Cuba is, to Spanish feeling, the brightest jewel in the Spanish crown. No such sentiment has been excited over the Philippines. They are merely "Spanish possessions," and there is no reason to doubt that Spain would enter into negotiations for parting with them for a price that would enable her to carry on with better hope her struggle for Cuba. The Philippines are neither directly nor indirectly profitable to her. Even before the insurrection broke out there the budget showed that the revenue produced left a deficit of more than $1,000,000 a year, even while Cuba was paying its own way. Either Japan or Russia should be able to effect a lodgement there if she is willing to pay for it handsomely.

As a matter of planetary politics, the chief interest of this struggle for the control of the Philippines is that it is not isolated, but affects Europe as well as the South Sea. The most remarkable of recent developments in international politics is what the correspondents call the *rapprochement* between England and Russia, following the Czar's tour. This is certainly an affair of planetary politics, and very particularly an affair of the politics of the far East, in which, although France tries to persuade herself that she has a substantial interest, the two powers really concerned are England and Russia. That they are trying to bring themselves to a policy of co-operation rather than of competition in the far East we have not only the testimony of Lord SALISBURY and of the official Russian press, but a more curious and a more startling evidence still. That is, the change of tone of the Parisian press, of which some of the most Anglophobic members have lately taken to saying that England is not by any means so black as for years they have been painting her. An alliance between England and Russia would be controlling in the far East; but it would be of ill omen for Japan.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL PROMINENCE.

THERE is cause for congratulation that the farmers of this country are looking forward to better times. So much has lately been said and written on the low prices of agricultural products, on the aggressive competition of foreign countries, and on the crushing weight of farm mortgages, that an observer might believe the end of farming was in sight. Now the situation has changed, though an examination of the course of events shows that little has occurred to modify the great movements of production.

From the very first settlements of the colonies, America has been mainly agricultural in economy. The commercial restrictions before the Revolution, and an abundance of virgin and low-priced soil offering a premium on the immigration of farmers, maintained this feature, while permitting that development of manufactures incident to a growing population having a great variety of raw materials, an increasing market, and a good supply of skilled labor. The homestead law, giving a fair-sized farm at a nominal cost to every intending settler, has acted as a bounty upon agricultural production. For a long period of time no competitor was in sight. Political unrest hindered a free development of the black-earth region of Russia, and in British India the force of custom hung as a dead weight upon development in new lines of production. South America was an unimportant factor, kept out of competition by the absence of stable governments, without which its natural wealth could not be made available. The United States alone was the source of supply, and the repeal of the English corn laws gave a market for our wheat that was easily supplied by the rapid opening of the West to trade and settlement.

There have been times when the American people were gravely told to check agricultural growth; to reduce the area devoted to wheat, corn, or cotton, and take up other interests. Fortunately the advice had little effect at the time, and no permanent influence. To-day the farmer is reaping the profit of his undertakings. The famine in Russia five years ago brought home to that people the danger of depending too closely upon each year's crop, and led to measures that seriously affected the exporting ability of that country. The same lesson has been taught to British India by a series of famines, in which the loss of life has been fearful, and against which even the elaborate systems of irrigation and transport constructed by the government seem only partially to avail. Our greatest competitor is the Argentine Republic, because it is entering upon a career of grain-production unequalled in history, applying to new and rich soil all the latest methods and machinery, and requiring only railroads to permit an indefinite extension of cultivated territory. Yet the present season has not been so favorable to the Argentine raiser of wheat as to give him the extraordinary surplus for export he has enjoyed in the last few years. The United States, with its agricultural system founded upon the experience of two generations, and possessing instruments for marketing—banks, exchanges, railroads, and water transportation—beyond any of its competitors, reaps the first and highest profits of the deficiency elsewhere in the supply of wheat.

The results may be summed up in the trade returns, for a demand in one branch of production spreads into every allied branch, and rapidly affects the entire body economic. The exports in October reached the remarkable figure of $111,900,000, an aggregate never reached in any previous October, and only once exceeded in the commercial history of the country. To this total the agriculture of the United States contributed nearly $80,000,000. But it is only the surplus product that is exported, and it is unusual to send out of the country more than one-third of the wheat crop, or one-twentieth of the corn crop. The 9,000,000 souls engaged in agriculture not only feed a population of more than 70,000,000, but answer calls from other countries to the extent of $600,000,000 a year. Against such figures the complaints of weakness are as nothing. Agriculture is the largest of American industries, and is easily among the strongest.

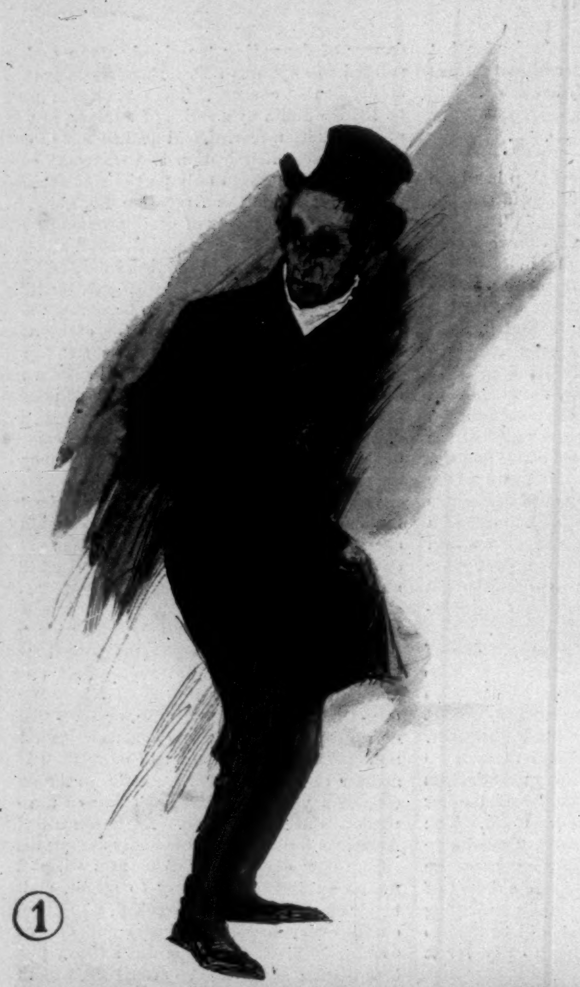
The new demand for American wheat at fair prices means an increased ability to spend, and the wave of better conditions, unless checked, will expand until it includes every domestic industry and occupation. It was so after 1878, when Europe was a heavy purchaser of our breadstuffs; and it was so after 1889, when the exports of our products were again stimulated. A better material condition implies less social unrest and political agitation. That all spirit of protest against what is should be wiped out is not desirable, for it is the protestant who is ever in the van of progress. Yet we cannot but hope for a subsidence of that unquiet which has given demagogues their opportunity, an unquiet that easily turns to mere promises of improvement through political action, however vague and ill-founded, and however contrary to economic law. Europe as a customer may exercise a moral or political influence among our population, but it is an influence of a legitimate kind. Every bushel of wheat, of corn, or pound of cotton grown and sold, is an instrument of civilization, and the strongest argument in favor of peace and the universal interdependence of nations.

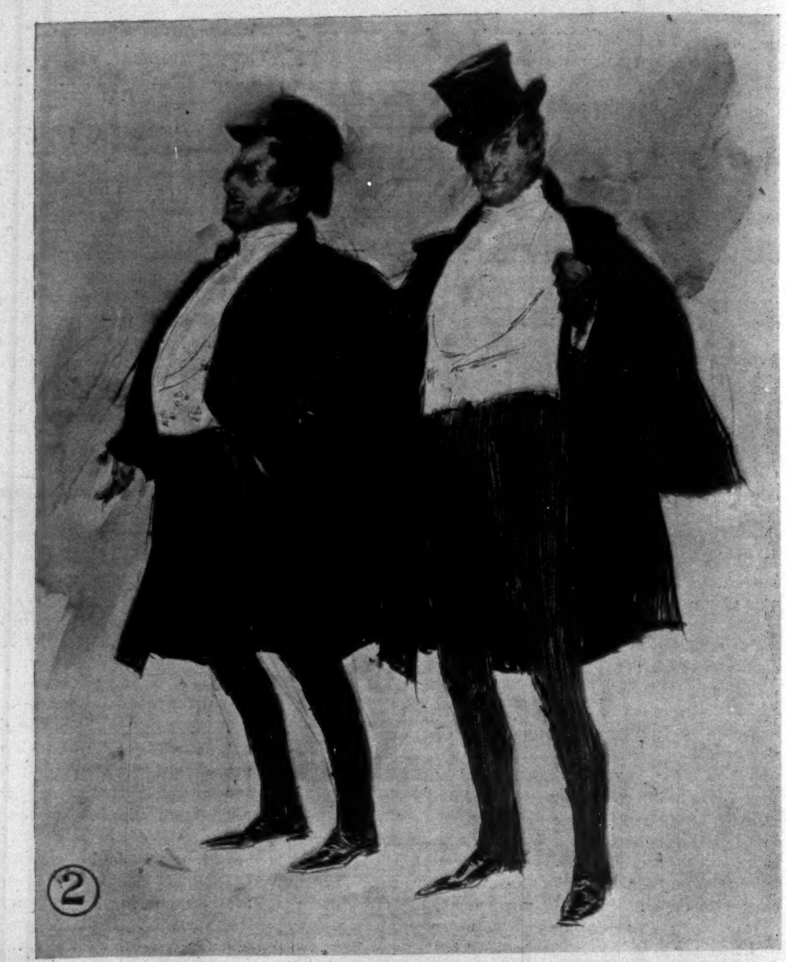
A FIT MAN FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.

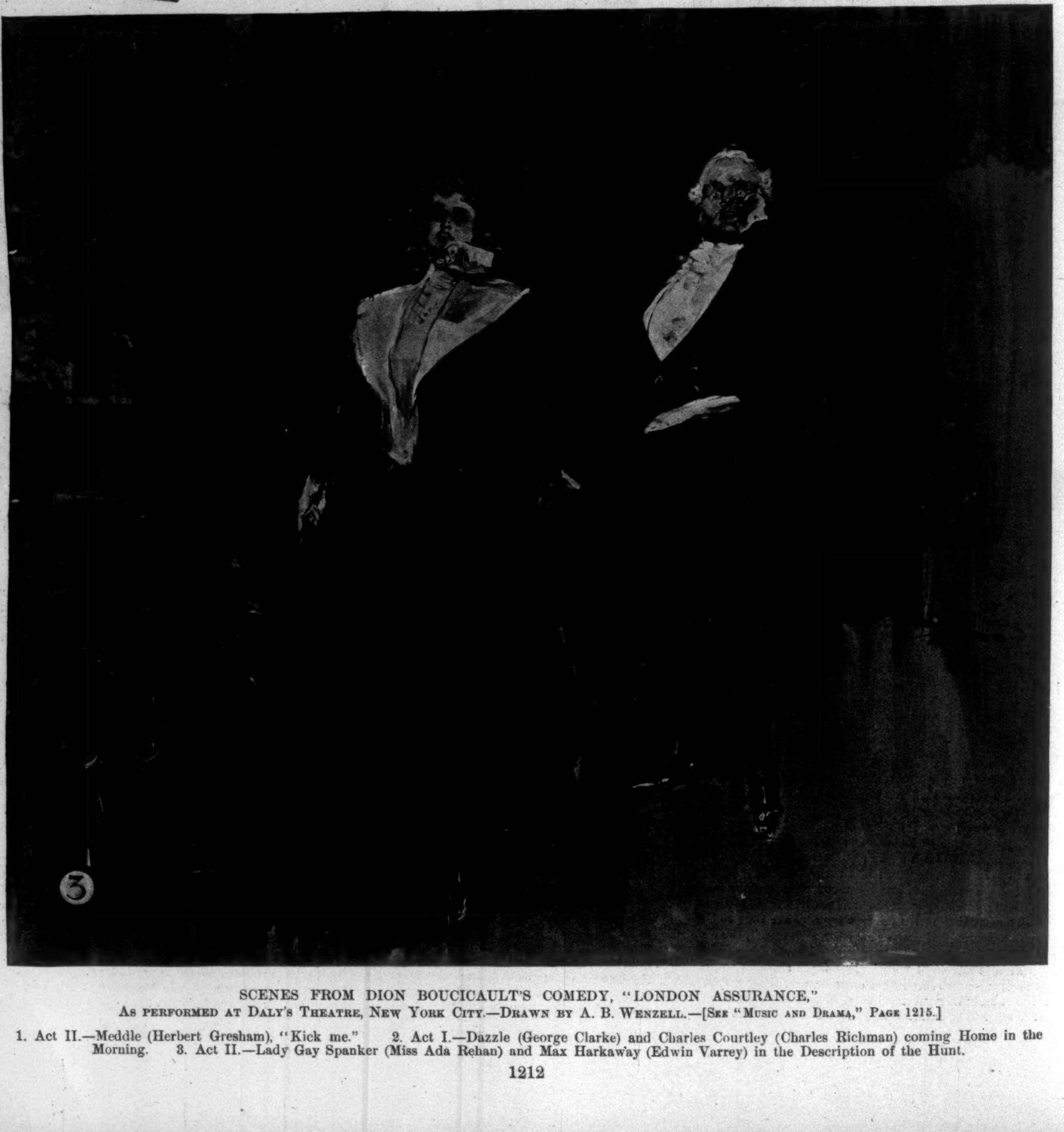
THE suggestion that President-elect MCKINLEY may choose DR. ANDREW D. WHITE to be his Secretary of State is fit to be received with enthusiasm and general approval. Generally, because of his character, ability, and standing, and also because of many particulars of experience and training, Dr. WHITE appears to be admirably suited for one of the new President's advisers, and especially in the matter of shaping the foreign policy of the incoming administration. He is a scholar, a student of law and of history, and a diplomat of varied and successful experience. He is a patriot, too, who has always shown himself ready for any public duty that has been assigned to him, and who has spent most of his manhood in one or another form of public service. In addition to all else, Dr. WHITE is a very sturdy American, able to take large and wise views as to the obligations, dues, and policy of the United States, and of a spirit firm and high, yet restrained by a reasonable and informed discretion.

He is one of the comparatively few Americans born to ample means and an advantageous position who have not found themselves hindered by those easements in their desire to serve the people. Inherited wealth did not make him lazy, nor have scholarship or cultivated tastes ever made him indifferent to politics, or put him out of touch with practical concerns and people of simple lives and modest purposes. His distinctions began at Yale College, which it happened to him to reach just in time to become a member of the famous class of '53. The list of his activities since then is long and remarkable. From 1853 to 1856 he studied and travelled in Europe, being for six months an attaché to the American legation in St. Petersburg. Returning home, he studied history for a year, and served from 1857 to 1862 as Professor of History and English Literature at Ann Arbor. Between 1862 and 1866 he represented Syracuse in the State Senate. From 1867 to 1885 he was President of Cornell University. From 1879 to 1881 he was United States Minister to Germany. His later services as member of the Venezuela Boundary Commission, and as an advocate of national honesty in the recent campaign, are still fresh in the public mind.

Dr. WHITE would make an admirable Secretary of State, and his appointment to that greatly important and responsible office would be most useful in promoting public confidence in the maintenance of just and honorable relations between the United States and its neighbors.

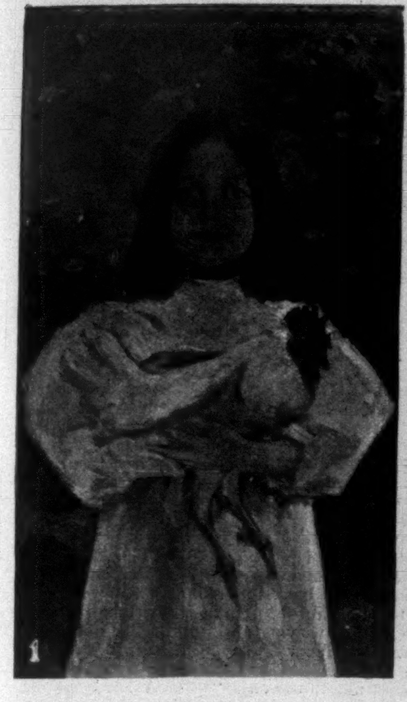






SCENES FROM DION BOUCICAULT'S COMEDY, "LONDON ASSURANCE,"
As performed at Daly's Theatre, New York City.—Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.—[See "Music and Drama," Page 1215.]

1. Act II.—Meddle (Herbert Gresham), "Kick me." 2. Act I.—Dazzle (George Clarke) and Charles Courtley (Charles Richman) coming Home in the Morning. 3. Act II.—Lady Gay Spanker (Miss Ada Rehan) and Max Harkaway (Edwin Varrey) in the Description of the Hunt.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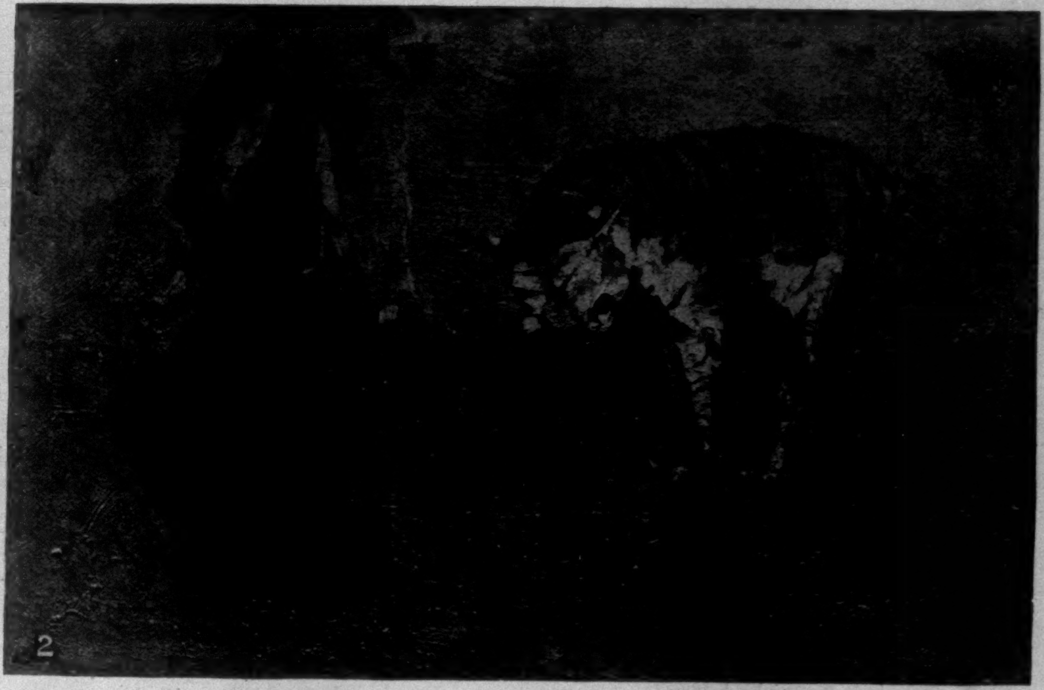
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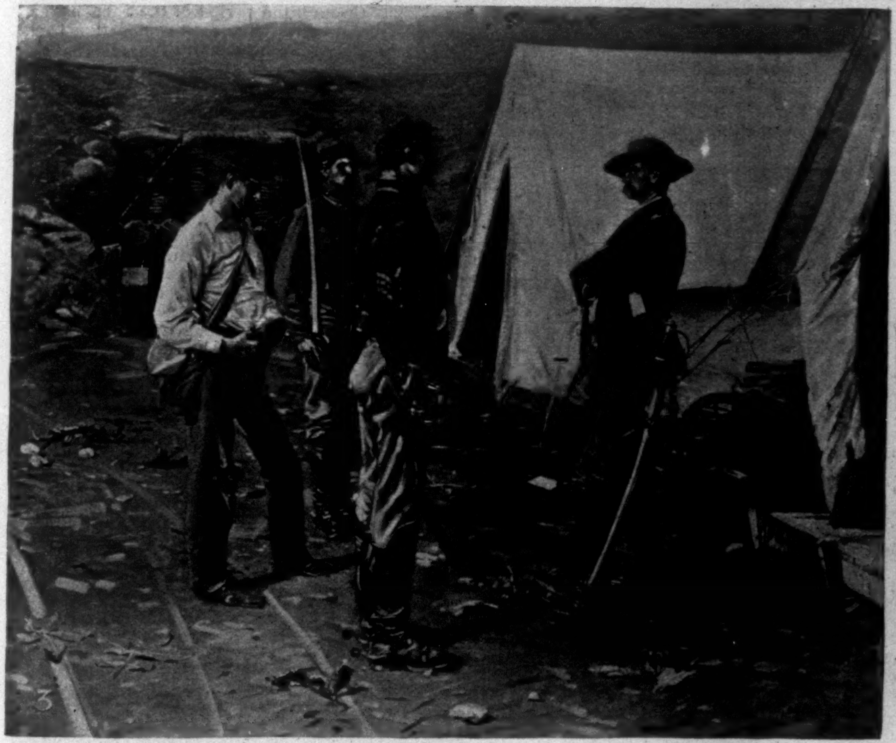
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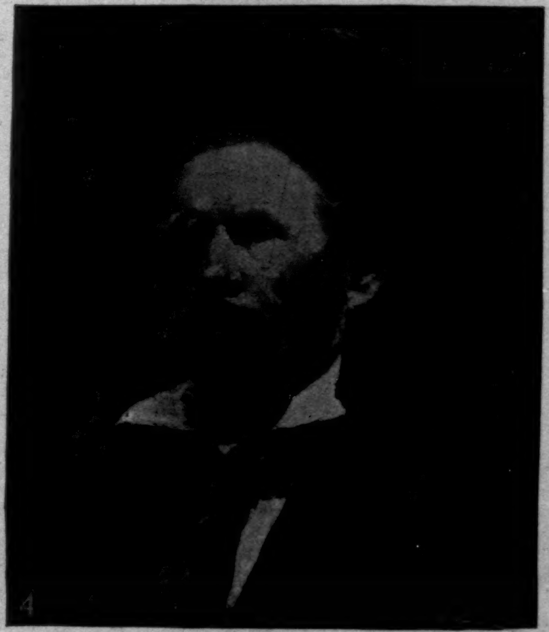
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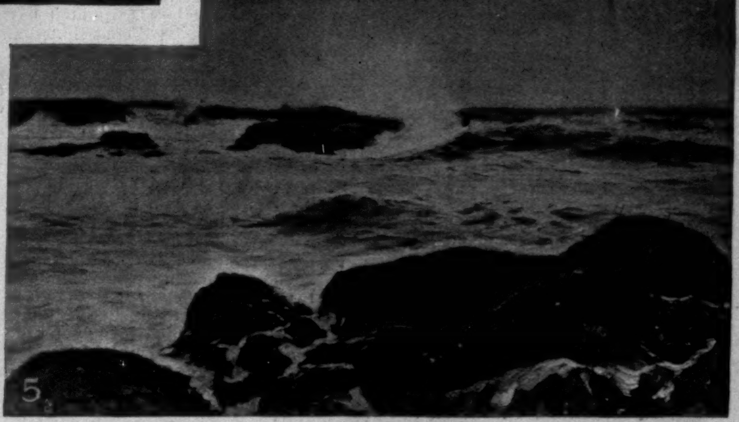
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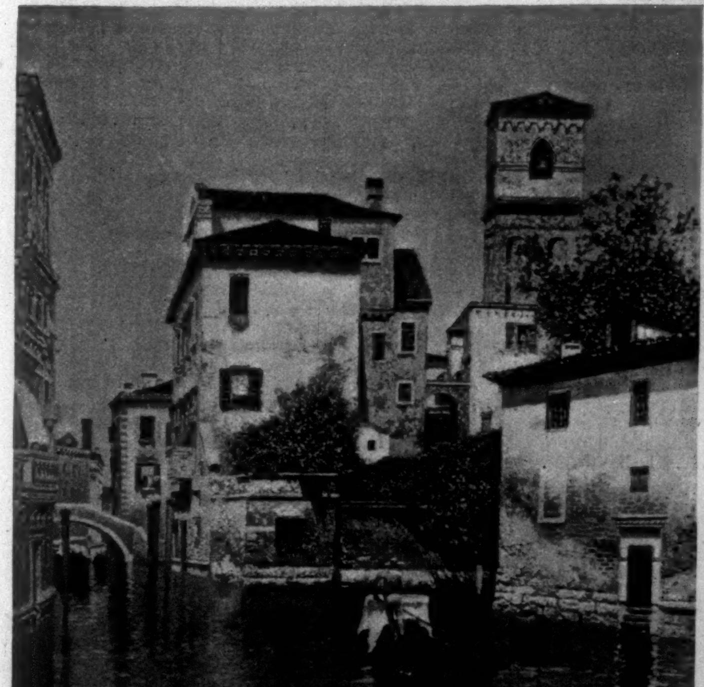
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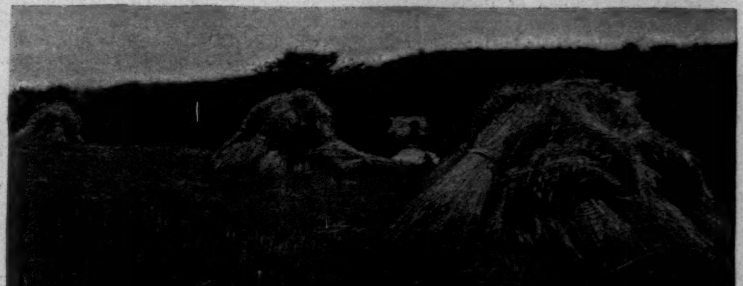
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FROM THE FIFTEENTH AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[See Page 1226.]

1. "The Captive," by Irving R. Wiles, A.N.A. 2. "Enchantment," by Gustave Verbeek. 3. "The Suspicious Character," by Gilbert Gaul, N.A. 4. Portrait of Wm. W., by H. Augustus Schwabe. 5. "Breaking Waves," by Carlton T. Chapman. 6. "Noonday at Venice," by Henry P. Smith. 7. "Rye Sheaves," by Leon Guipon.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The supply of books in Germany is reported to be very greatly in excess of the demand. More than 20,000 new publications issued last year found a lamentably inadequate number of purchasers, so that complaints of the stagnation of the book trade are reported to abound in the German newspapers. In explanation it is merely said that the German public, though ready enough to spend money for amusements that are to its taste, won't spend it in books. They say that German people who read books, and can well afford to buy them, prefer to borrow or to get them from the circulating libraries. But, after all, why should book buying or reading be popular in a country where a citizen may be murdered with comparative impunity for brushing against a military officer's coat? Uniforms, not books, would seem to be what the citizens of such a land would spend their money for.

Mr. St. Gaudens's big bronze statue of Peter Cooper is finished, and work has been started on the foundations for the pedestal of it in the triangle just south of the Cooper Union The pedestal itself is to be of Italian marble, and was designed by Mr. Stanford White. The statue, which at last accounts was still at the foundry, represents Mr. Cooper as seated in a chair. The likeness is said to be good, and Mr. St. Gaudens is reported to be pleased with the result of his labors. It is thirteen years since the money for it began to be contributed. Twenty-five thousand dollars was finally raised, and then the work started. Mr. Cooper's birthday, February 12, is the probable date of the unveiling.

One effect of the appointment of a new primate in England has been to bring out a number of diverting stories about both the deceased archbishop and his successor. There are very good stories among them, but none better than one that came down this fall from Mount Desert, where the Bishop of Albany and the Rector of Grace Church in New York both spent the summer. The bishop, it appears, owned a row-boat named *Only*, and had a wide-brimmed hat with his boat's name on it. Strolling forth one morning with this hat on, and sporting the prelatical gaiters which he alone of the American bishops affects, the Bishop of Albany encounters the rector, who, lifting his eyes and beholding the hat, exclaims: "The Only Bishop! Good-morning to the Only Bishop." To whom the bishop replies: "Not so, Doctor Huntington. 'Only the bishop,' you Low-Churchmen have it."

The announcement that the new aquarium in Castle Garden will be opened early in December means an admirable new resort for the children of New York. Castle Garden has the advantage of being easily accessible from all parts of New York, and the special advantage of being within possible walking distance of a great many families who will like to look at the fishes but may not find it always convenient to spend ten cents for two rides on the elevated railroad. Fishes in captivity seem to have fun and be satisfied with their homes, which is more than can always be said of the animals of Central Park. It is to be hoped that the collection in Castle Garden may include some sharks and pilot-fish It is highly edifying to see these finny comrades go round together No fish gave better satisfaction than the sharks and pilot-fish in the Fisheries Building aquarium at the Chicago Fair.

That was an interesting surgical case lately reported from London, where a British surgeon was sued by a patient for exceeding his commission. The patient, a young woman, agreed to a certain definite operation, the limits of which she prescribed. After the operation had begun, the surgeon concluded that the case called for a further excision than the patient had consented to, and performed it, the patient's previous objections to the contrary notwithstanding She sued him, but lost her case—partly, it would seem, because she did not make it quite clear that she had absolutely forbidden the more extended operation. Besides, she was a hospital nurse, and one of the things that are most diligently trained into hospital nurses is that the doctor knows best, and his opinion always governs Possibly the court felt that to allow a trained nurse to establish her rights in her own members as against a surgeon would establish a dangerous precedent.

In this case, as well as in the famous Kitson-Playfair case, doctors of high standing were called upon to testify as to professional custom in such matters, and some of the most eminent surgeons in England averred that they would not undertake a surgical case in which their professional free-will was restricted. Once the patient lies unconscious in the hands of one of these gentlemen, everything that ought to come away comes. They are great fellows, and very good at their business, and almost always know perfectly what they are about, and have sound reasons for everything they do, but still the uncertainty of how much of one will be left is an agitating consideration for a patient about to undergo an operation. To agree to the removal of the vermiform appendix, and come to to find one's whole stomach in a glass jar, would be disconcerting to the nerves, and might almost make one doubt the effectuality of *Magna Charta* and *habeas corpus* and the Bill of Rights.

British doctors are haughty men. It seems to be neck or nothing with them in their professional dealings It ought to be matter of congratulation with us that our surgeons, being of democratic breeding, and not solicitous about class privileges, place their admirable skill at our dispositions without depriving us of all option as to how much of ourselves we shall spare. To be sure, as a general thing, we trust ourselves implicitly in their hands, but if we should make a reservation, we would confidently expect it to be respected, even though, from the surgeon's point of view, it would complicate the case.

The newspapers have recorded the sale of sixteen lots with 200 feet front on Amsterdam Avenue, 121st and 122d streets respectively, to the Hamilton Court Building Company, who propose to build on this land a dormitory for Columbia University to cost $1,000,000, and to hold about 900 students. If built as thus suggested, this would doubtless be by far the largest college dormitory in the country. The erection of dormitories for students of growing colleges has been found, in Cambridge and other places, to be a profitable form of investment, and now that Columbia has sanctioned the dormitory system, it is not probable that she will have to wait long to see it in operation. What her trustees would doubtless prefer would be to have the buildings given to the university, so that their rents might swell its income; but there is no objection to having dormitories owned by outside parties who rent the rooms for their personal profit. At Harvard, where there are many such buildings, all are allowed to compete for the patronage of the students under the easy conditions of furnishing rooms rent free to proctors, who shall have oversight of the lodgers. Since it is not recorded as the purpose of the Hamilton Court Building Company to give their big dormitory to Columbia, it is a reasonable inference that it is to be erected, in part at least, as a source of profit to its owners.

An interesting ceremony which occurred on Sunday, November 29, was the presentation of an organ to the Presbyterian church at Richfield Springs by Mrs. Emmons Blaine, of Chicago, in memory of her husband. In this church Mr. and Mrs. Blaine were married in 1889. Emmons Blaine died, as will be remembered, in the summer of 1892, from a sudden illness that seemed to be a consequence of overwork at the Republican convention at Minneapolis. The heir himself of many of his father's more remarkable qualities, he left a son in whom the physical characteristics of the Blaines are strongly marked, and whose development will be watched with interest by his father's and grandfather's admirers.

It must be admitted that the portraits with which the New York *Herald*—and possibly some other pictorial dailies—illustrates its announcements of impending weddings materially enhance the interest of the information conveyed. To read that Miss Smith is to be married to Mr. Jones on Tuesday next is not exciting except to people who happen to know Mr Jones or Miss Smith. But when the information is enriched by superior newspaper portraits of the "parties," it becomes a different matter. Then immediately one is able to take an interest, and even to exclaim, "Poor thing! what *can* she see in *that* creature?"

It sometimes occasions surprise that so many pictures of ladies in private life find their way nowadays into the newspapers. How it comes about the newspapers know. The process of obtaining the photographs is veiled in decent mystery; but a presumption that seems reasonable is that there are very many good and fair women who do not very strenuously object to seeing their physiognomies in the paper at least once, and do not take excessive pains to keep them out.

The conversion of the old Public Library Building in Boston into a "zoo" seems to please the natives of the Puritan capital. They find no desecration in it, but much pleasing variety and means of edification. An informant who went to see the animals take their Thanksgiving dinner declares with joyous approval that it does him good to see the lion lie down in the alcove formerly occupied by Lamb, and the hyena disport himself where erstwhile the gentle poets were immured. He found a "zoo" much more delightful than a library, and "stately old Bates Hall filled with beasts" seemed a ruined temple, which lacked only a proper outfit of snakes to make its illusions complete.

It seems just possible that the much-mooted Bacchante would have found herself nearer to the heart of nature, and so more at home in the old Boston Library than in the new. The beasts wouldn't have minded her levity, and she would have contributed an element that is lacking to a harmonious Edenic effect.

The success of Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) in his recent American lecture tour was very notable. Major Pond says he never had a lecturer, except Stanley, who did better. Stanley made more money not because he drew more people, but because seats were sold at higher prices. Dr. Watson began his labors by giving nine free lectures at Yale on theological subjects, and all to overflowing audiences. After Major Pond got him started on his travels and discovered the energy of the public desire to hear him, he worked him hard, thrusting odd lectures at short notice into spare chinks of time, and trying hard to spread the doctor out enough to make him go round. He seems not to have fully succeeded, for though Dr. Watson responded gamely to the demands upon him, Major Pond parted with him with sore reluctance, and not without making him a heavily gilded offer for an additional six months' engagement.

One thing that helps to account for Dr. Watson's success is that he is a speaker by profession, and doubtless knows his business; but it seems obvious that his reputation in America is due to his books, which possess the qualities that interest people in their author, and make them want to know him and to hear what else he has to say.

It is announced that the plans for Columbia's new university building, which have been in preparation for two years in the offices of McKim, Mead, & White, have at length reached such a degree of perfection that they have been in part adopted by the trustees. The building is to be the largest college building in America, and is to include a large academic theatre, a banquet-hall, a gymnasium, a large bath, and a power-house. To provide for these five important uses under one set of roofs has been a perplexing problem, slow and difficult of solution. The new building is to be 250 feet long, 185 feet wide, and 70 feet high, and is to be constructed of Indiana limestone and over-burnt brick in the Italian Renaissance style. In the basement are to be the power-house, swimming-bath, and dressing-rooms; on part of the ground-floor the gymnasium, 35 feet high, with 14,000 square feet of floor space and a running-track of nine laps to the mile; part of the first story and much of the second and third stories will be occupied by the banquet-hall and a theatre that will seat 2500 people, and at the top, next to the roof, will be the kitchens. Besides these important provisions, space is found in the buildings for rooms for literary organizations and society meetings, and for private dining-rooms, serving-rooms, coat-rooms, and other uses which suggest some of the conveniences of a university club. Serving all these ends and combining so much, the building is still to be beautiful, and promises to be hardly less admired than the Library.

It has been reported that the health of Miss Frances Willard was impaired, but she has denied the report positively and with emphasis. Evidence of her continued activity since her recent return from Europe appears in the rumor that Major McKinley has promised her that the intoxicating bowl shall follow Mr. Cleveland out of the White House, and continue absent for at least four years. Neither Mr McKinley nor Mr. Hanna have confirmed this report, which lingers, and it is likely to continue for three months in the list of things interesting, if true.

The Old South Church in Boston has decided that the ecclesiastical innovation known as individual communion cups is not adapted to its use. The society appointed a committee of four to look into the merits of the new practice, and three members of it were impressed with its advantages, and reported in its favor. The fourth member differed from them, not on religious grounds or for reasons of taste, but because of facts peculiar to the Old South Church. The facts are that the society has a communion service of thirty-seven pieces, described as "probably the most historical and venerable of any in this country" The oldest piece dates back to 1730, and nearly all are special gifts to the church, presented by honored and notable donors, and of varying antiquity. The objecting committee-man, Mr. Henry D. Hyde, held that it would be unwise to discard this service, and that the church might safely continue to use cups "consecrated by use of nearly one hundred and seventy years by worthies of both Church and state, through the period of the French war, the American Revolution, and the civil war, dating back to a day before George Washington was born." He held that to put out of sight the memory of all the old service suggests would be to violate a sacred trust, and the society agreed with him by a vote of 95 to 75. Whatever the advantages of the new system may be, the objections to the old are not so cogent but that one may applaud this triumph of sentiment over nice considerations of convenience.

Inasmuch as blind men have votes, and the laws which provide for the secrecy of the ballot make special provision to secure them in their right of suffrage in spite of their infirmity, it is important that they should have such political and fiscal instruction as may qualify them to vote right. To this end the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind proposes to print in raised letters, for the use of its pupils, Mr David A. Wells's well-known little book, *Robinson Crusoe's Money* (Harper's), which did such good service during the recent campaign. The consent of author and publishers has been asked and obtained for this novel translation.

Pursuant to policy of recent development, an effort is being made at Harvard to procure increased distinction for students who study. The Harvard authorities have remarked themselves, and had it pointed out to them *ad nauseam*, that the men who monopolized the glories of college life were the athletes, and that the scholars did not loom up at all large in the public eye, and had to pinch themselves to realize that knowledge was power and that they were remarkable people. Wishing that this untoward state of things may be alleviated, Harvard's governors have invented some new distinctions for the studious, and as far as they could, have thrown the scholarships, in which the university is so rich, into open competition, instead of reserving them, as used to be done, for the needier students. On Monday, November 30, twenty-three holders of scholarships of the highest grade, and including the eight "John Harvard scholars," were invited by Professor Wendell to his house in Boston to meet the president and fellows, the overseers, the acting Governor of Massachusetts, and other distinguished citizens, including Bishop Lawrence, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and Dr. Alexander McKenzie. This is the first reception of the kind to be given, and seems a sensible and highly civilized method of paying attention to successful intellectual achievement.

One of the people who have been supposed to have a settled home in New York is Mr. William C. Whitney. His house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street has been well known as his house for a good many years, and held memories of many famous visitors long before Li Hung-Chang went there to be received by President Cleveland. This house, it seems, Mr Whitney has turned over to his eldest son, who lately married, and has found a new shelter for himself in the Stuart house at 871 Fifth Avenue, which he has bought from Mr. A. L. Barbour. His former house was not a dwelling which any one who had once owned it and lived in it could willingly see go out of his family.

The plans of McKim, Mead, & White for the new "Sherry's," at Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, have been completed and their purport revealed. The building, which is expected to be ready for use about the 1st of next November, is to be of cut limestone, eleven stories high, in the Renaissance style. The restaurant on the first floor is to be two stories high; on the third floor are to be two ballrooms, so arranged that separate dances may be given in each at the same time. On the fourth floor is to be the chief ballroom, eighty by ninety feet, with a ceiling forty-nine feet high, reaching up through three stories, and hemmed in with reception-rooms, conversation-rooms, dressing-rooms, smoking-rooms, and all the contemporary adjuncts to the politest and most expensive gayety. The seven upper floors of the building are to be arranged in apartments.

With this great palace of pleasure completed, the new Delmonico's diagonally across the street, and the Astor and its cousin the Waldorf a few blocks below, no homeless millionaire need go begging for a place to lay his head, fill his stomach, and even invite five hundred of his associates to bring their families and join him in Terpsichorean merriment. New York investors seem confidently to anticipate that dwellers in Gotham will have money to spend for many a year to come, and will have an appetite for luxury commensurate with their fiscal abilities.

E. S. Martin.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Only the other day there died in England, at the grand age of ninety-four, a brother of Sir Rowland Hill, the founder of the penny-post. Frederic Hill, like all the other members of the family, gave himself up to public life. He was the first prison-inspector ever appointed in Scotland, sixty-one years ago; and the work he did there will hand his name down along with those of Romilly and Elizabeth Fry as one of the great prison-reformers of the world. He increased the number of matrons—at that time only three in number—he improved the buildings, discontinued degrading punishment, introduced productive work, enforced better attention to the health of the prisoners, and framed a bill which created a central board of authority for the complete reorganization of the Scottish prison system. Later on he joined his brother in the Post-Office, and stood by him in his long and bitter fights against the obstinate ignorance of officialdom. Again and again Sir Rowland testifies in his autobiography to the zeal and value of his assistance. He remodelled the central office, introduced contract-work, supported promotion by merit—a revolution in itself—drew up a plan for life-insurance among the employees, and encouraged in every direction the employment of women. One has to read his *Reminiscences* to realize the intensity of the opposition which even these modest reforms met with. He retired in 1876, to live on the edge of Hampstead Heath, within a stone's-throw of Du Maurier's house. I had the pleasure of meeting him soon after his ninetieth birthday, and found him living in the utmost simplicity, with his humor as racy and his interest in prisons and politics as keen as they could ever have been. He declared the most thrilling event in his life to have been the reception of the mail-coach that dashed into Birmingham decorated with laurel and bunting, and bearing the great news of the battle of Waterloo. Among his later recollections were the introduction of omnibuses, steel pens, lucifer-matches, and railroads, the opening of London Bridge, the burning of the Houses of Parliament, and the trip of the *Great Eastern* to New York.

The death of Mr. Coventry Patmore has not attracted the attention it deserves on this side the Atlantic. In England his poems were popular enough for him to be mentioned as a possible poet-laureate. "I have written little," he said, in the preface to his completed works, "but it is all my best I have respected posterity; and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me." If he does live, it will be as he would most desire to live—in the affections of women, whose laureate he was. Mr. Patmore was the poet of domesticity. He found inspiration in a tea party, in the gossip of his housekeeper, in the purchase of a pair of sand-shoes for his wife, and it was inevitable that the ice should occasionally give way beneath him. Yet his "Angel in the House" is a very tender, very ingenious, and at times very beautiful hymn in woman's praise. "The Unknown Eros" is a far better but much less widely read production; indeed, I doubt whether any poem of equal merit has remained so obscure.

We are at last favored with an official view of the German Emperor. The divine right of kings, to which he has long laid private claim, has now been publicly conceded to him, and his position as a vicegerent of the Deity on earth fully established. One of the members of the Reichstag remarked that the sailors of the gunboat *Iltis*, which was recently sunk, ought to have prayed to God instead of cheering the Kaiser as the vessel went down The Secretary of the Navy was on his feet in a moment with the explanation that when the sailors had the Emperor before their eyes it was the same as having God, for they were reminded of the authority which God had set over them. Some of the Radicals and Socialists in the Chamber were apparently unappreciative enough to jeer at these remarks, but most people will be glad to have this definite information as to where precisely the German Emperor stands.

Mr. Kruger and the Kaiser are still hunting in pairs. It was only a week or so ago that the entire staff of the *Johannesburg Critic*—one of the best of the South-African papers—was arrested under the new press law, which forbids the publication of unsigned articles, and even of unsigned items of news. And now the editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has been fined 200 marks for refusing to disclose the source of his information on the increased army estimates. It was not that his information was wrong, the thing lay in its accuracy. The editor had been guilty of the sacrilege of revealing the heaven-born purposes of the Kaiser's mind, and had of course to be punished for it. Three more journalists are also on trial for libelling the government. It appears that at the recent meeting in Breslau between the Czar and the Kaiser the toast proposed by the Czar was of such a character that an "official" version of it was found necessary. The three journalists who reported what the Czar said, instead of what the Kaiser wanted him to say, were at once arrested, and no doubt will be suitably fined.

The Dreyfus affair has received a new lease of life. I was present at his degradation in January, 1895, on the parade-ground of the École Militaire, Paris. Five thousand troops were formed in hollow square, and Dreyfus, marching firmly, was halted in the middle. He listened to the verdict of the court without flinching. An adjutant walked up to the condemned man, and taking his sword, broke it smartly across his knee. The buttons upon his uniform and his epaulets were torn off and cast to the earth with theatrical contempt. It was at that moment only that Dreyfus showed sign of emotion. Lifting his hand, he shouted, in a voice that every man heard: "Vive la France! You have degraded an innocent man. I swear I am innocent!" The drums cut short his voice, and he was marched round the four sides of the square in "la parade de l'exécution." At each corner he protested his innocence The fortitude of the man was marvellous. From the very first he had declared he was not guilty of the charge brought against him. The charge was that he had betrayed military secrets to a foreign power—meaning the Germans. The trial was conducted *in camera*, and every scrap of evidence has been rigorously withheld from the public. Dreyfus certainly had few temptations to turn traitor. He had a magnificent military career before him; he was rich, with a certain income of $10,000 a year. "I have never," he said, "run after women; never touched a card in my life. I had no need for money." These facts of course cut both ways. They show no reason why he should have committed the crime, but still less reason why the government should wrongfully condemn such a promising officer. At present he is a convict in the Peninsula Ducos, part of a cluster of isles a few miles distant from Nouméa, the chief port of New Caledonia, and France is periodically frightened by news of his escape. An attempt was made last week to reopen the entire question in the Chamber of Deputies, but the Minister of War met the demand with a point-blank refusal, and declined to allow the matter to be discussed at all.

The reputation for rectitude that English municipal politics have always enjoyed has just received a rude shock. One of the principal planks in the Progressive platform of the London County Council has been a demand for the direct execution of public works by the Council itself, without the intervention of a contractor. This the Moderates or Reactionists opposed, and the Works Department was organized as a compromise. It was to be a department of the Council, ready to execute every kind of work which any committee of the Council might require. In most cases it actually tendered against contractors. The whole thing of course was really a sham. If a contractor tenders and loses, the money comes out of his own pocket; but the losses of the Works Department have to be borne by the rate-payers. To complete the absurdity, if the Works Department did the work for much less than the contractor's estimate, the difference was paraded as a profit. As a matter of fact the Works Department has proved a very expensive undertaking. The Progressives would not admit this, and deliberately falsified their accounts in order that they might seem never to have made a loss. They did not falsify the cash accounts, and no member of the Council and no official seems to have put a penny improperly into his own pocket. But they kept a separate set of cost accounts, and they falsified them by various simple means, of which the most notable was a bogus transfer of materials from the job on which they were used to another to which they never went. The Controller discovered it at his first audit, and the whole thing is being inquired into; but the scandal is considered a grave one.

Picaroon.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE STAGE.

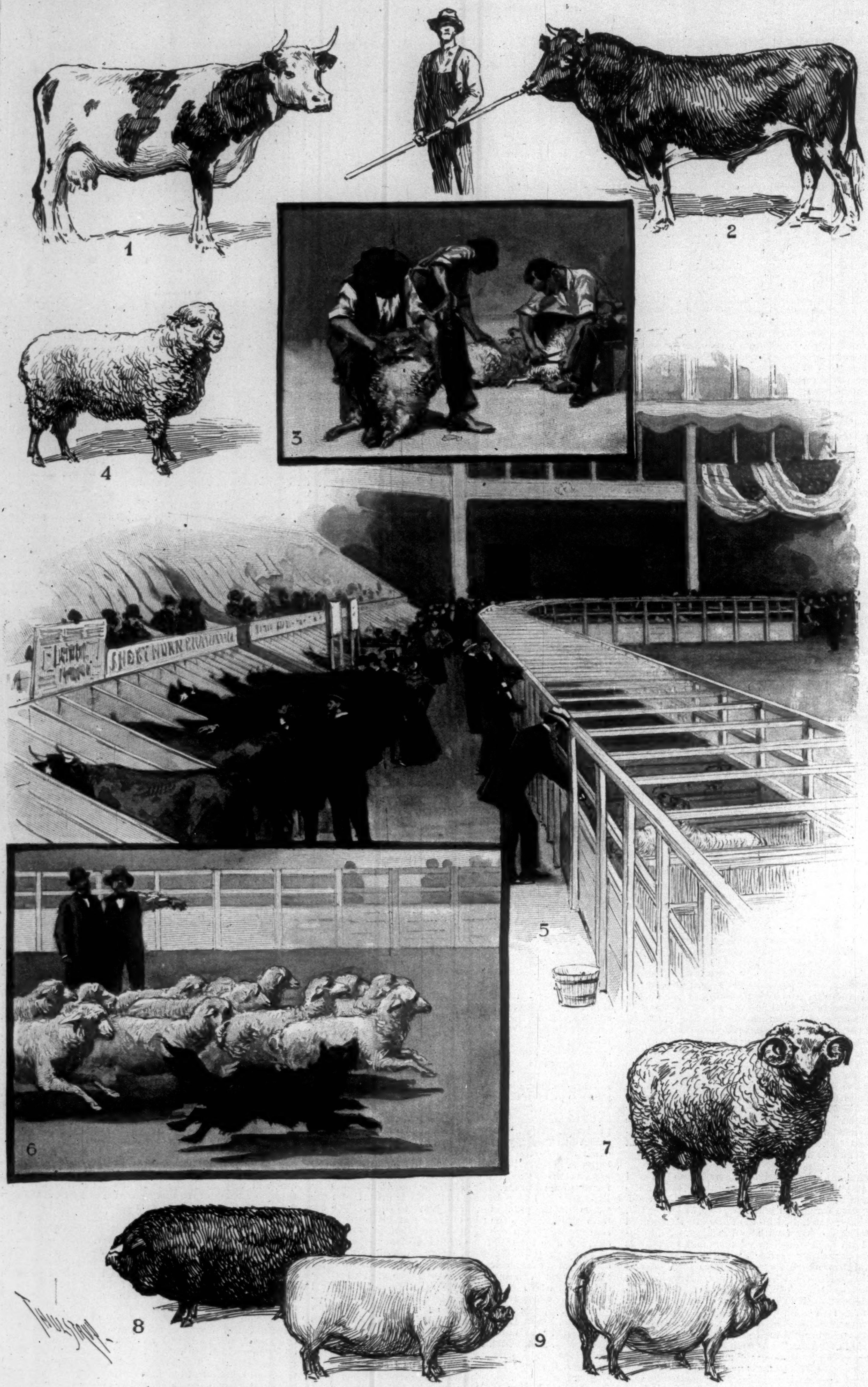
How long shall a play lie upon the shelves ere it rot, or ere it be entitled to be classed as "old comedy"? Probably a half-century is about the length of time required for a successful piece to be forgotten or to become a classic. It is something more than fifty years since *London Assurance* made the reputation of its author; but the comedy is very nearly as good as ever, and generally if a play can endure for two generations it will complete its "century-run" without difficulty. Of the four hundred pieces written or adapted by Dion Boucicault there are several that will keep his memory alive, and will be revived frequently for many years to come. Certainly no writer who has been associated with the American stage has approached Boucicault in wit, in versatility of imagination, in the knowledge of the trickery and artifice of the stage. It is rather remarkable that of all Boucicault's plays none is more likely to give vitality to his fame than *London Assurance*, his first work, the production of his early youth. It is almost impossible that there should be a revival of this comedy without a reopening of the discussion as to its authorship. Boucicault was under twenty years of age when *London Assurance* was produced. John Brougham always claimed that he had collaborated with the younger writer, and in his autobiographical sketch he makes the point-blank statement: "Wrote *London Assurance* in conjunction with Boucicault, who claimed the entire authorship, according to his usual ungenerousness. Had to bring an action against D.B., whose legal adviser suggested payment of half the purchase-money rather than conduct so damaging a case." The writer has seen letters in which Brougham scoffed at Boucicault's claim to the authorship of the celebrated comedy. Brougham's friends never doubted the truth of his assertions, ~~and he~~ unquestionably did some work of revision; but all the internal evidence goes to show that the bone and sinew, the polish and glitter of the piece, are Boucicault's. This play, his first, and *The Jilt*, one of his last, are positively the product of the same brain. For that matter, some of the greatest comedies in the language have been the work of very young men. Congreve was less than twenty when he wrote *The Old Bachelor*, and Sheridan was but twenty-four when *The Rivals* was produced. The latter play was much altered before it achieved success, yet no one has ever questioned Sheridan's title to the authorship. *London Assurance* is no better than several other of Boucicault's comedies; not so good as two or three others—*Old Heads and Young Hearts*, for example; but the desire of stellar comédiennes to play Lady Gay will keep Dazzle, Dolly, Sir Harcourt, and the rest before the public for many years to come. The actress who attempts the rôle of Lady Gay invites comparison not only with the greatest comédiennes of our own day, but with the traditions of the brilliant performances of many great predecessors, whose triumphs are fading even from the memories of the grayest veterans who still take interest in things theatrical. There are still a few old-timers who can remember Mrs. Nisbett, the original Lady Gay, whose laugh had an international reputation—"one of the most glorious actresses who ever stepped on the stage," says Lester Wallack. Susan Cushman was the original in this country, and she was followed by Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Mathews, Fanny Wallack, Agnes Robertson, and others. Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. Bancroft have played the part successfully in England within years comparatively recent, while Rose Coghlan and Fanny Davenport are pleasantly remembered by younger theatre-goers of New York.

Mr. Daly has shown adroitness in arranging the comedy in four acts; the piece actually plays better than in five. He has modernized the construction somewhat, and the alterations are all for the better. At the end of the third act a dance is introduced, Sir Roger de Coverley, in which the old favorite Mrs. Gilbert disports with more sprightliness than the youngest girls in the set. A factor in the success of the revival is the manner of dressing, the costumes being of the date of the play's original production, 1840. *London Assurance* has generally been presented in the conventional apparel of the society drama, but Mr. Daly's method is clearly the more artistic. The performance moves with admirable spirit, the stage-management being fully as important as the individual excellence of the cast in contributing to the success. Miss Ada Rehan is a captivating Lady Gay, and she carries off the lively scenes of the comedy with unfailing vivacity. Her scenes with Sir Harcourt Courtly are enacted with infectious humor. The only disappointment in her impersonation is her delivery of the steeple-chase speech, which seems to lack vim and dash. Miss Percy Haswell is a charming picture as Grace Harkaway; but poor Grace never has a chance in the piece with Lady Gay in the running against her. George Clarke misses something of the superb impudence of Dazzle, though he more than any member of the cast (excepting Mr. Varrey as Max Harkaway), possesses the indefinable quality which we call the old comedy manner. Mr. Stevens's Sir Harcourt bears a striking resemblance to his Marquis in *The Geisha*. His work is clever, but inclines to exaggeration, and is decidedly modern—even of a comic-opera modernity. One of the most artistic bits of acting is the Meddle of Mr. Gresham, a character study of decided merit. This unimportant part is really a difficult one, and Mr. Gresham makes much of it. Mr. Richman is a graceful and manly Charles; and Miss Grace Rutter, rescued by Mr. Daly from the comic-opera stage, makes an agreeable impression by her charming appearance and musical voice. *London Assurance* should have a run. It is not only delightful to the lovers of meritorious plays capably acted, but it is a genuine entertainment, even to those who are demoralized by the reign of folly and vaudeville.

The reception given to Mr. Gilbert Parker's drama, *The Seats of the Mighty*, has not been of a nature calculated to encourage American writers of ability to turn their attention to the stage. To those who have admired the novel the play has been a disappointment, but a disposition has been manifested to withhold from Mr. Parker the credit due for the merits that are in his work. *The Seats of the Mighty* certainly possesses good qualities, and its faults are those of an inexperienced playwright. Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree is practised in stagecraft, and it is strange that he did not realize the necessity for condensation in Mr. Parker's play. In every act there is a superabundance of dialogue, the scenes are over-elaborated, and the climaxes are reached slowly and laboriously. The situation for the end of each act is good in itself, but the author tires his audience before he arrives at his point, and thus he misses fire. It is understood that Mr. Tree is to begin his London season with *The Seats of the Mighty*, and it is quite likely that with revision and condensation the play may be a success. The first act is the best at present, and needs the least alteration. Here the atmosphere of the court of Louis XV. is admirably realized by the author and the stage-director. The management of the mob in the second act is not so skilful, and much more could be made of it. The third act is far too long, and the duel, with the dance interrupting it, could be more effective. This dance is so badly done by Miss Rorke that the scene just misses absurdity. The incident evidently does not suit Miss Rorke's talents, although her Alixe is otherwise excellent. The play is lacking in comedy. Much of the dialogue has wit and polish, but occasionally it is sentimental to the verge of mawkishness. Mr. Tree's Doltaire has poise and elegance, but at present seems rather unconvincing. There is but one actor on the English stage who has greater resources of technique, and doubtless Mr. Tree will elaborate his impersonation. Doltaire, however, is neither complex nor subtle as a stage creation. The cast is too long. There are thirty-four characters, many of them having little or no connection with the story. Most of the sketches are efficiently presented, a son of the late George du Maurier displaying ability in a small part.

Mr. W. H. Crane is a comedian who rarely dares to act as well as he can. Since the dissolution of the Robson-Crane partnership he has found that the public prefers his personality to his talent. That personality is so genial and good-humored that it has a tonic effect upon nervous Americans who go to the theatre for relaxation. When Mr. Crane essayed Falstaff he gave an impersonation of the fat knight admirable in many respects, but the public studiously avoided his Sir John; it was too much Shakespeare and too little Crane. In Miss Martha Morton's comedy *A Fool of Fortune* Mr. Crane effects a compromise; he gives his admirers his personality through two acts, and in the third he offers a character study. *A Fool of Fortune* deals with money, as Miss Morton's plays usually do. The interest of the Merchant, Geoffrey Middleton, and His Wife's Father is largely monetary, or depends upon the contrast of large and small bank accounts. Perhaps Miss Morton surmises that the American people are more interested in the mighty dollar than in anything else, and very likely she is right. As a rule, however, they get enough of the lucre question away from the theatre. At all events, Miss Morton's work shows constant improvement, and *The Fool of Fortune* is her most creditable achievement. The third act particularly is well planned and neatly written. Here Mr. Crane appears as a type of character painfully familiar—the broken-down speculator, who, after struggling for money all his life finishes out-at-elbows. Most of us have observed such unfortunates in all the phases of shabby gentility. Mr. Crane's impersonation of Elisha Cunningham, in the third act of Miss Morton's play, is worthy of high praise. The conception is true to life, and the development shows a technical skill worthy of Coquelin himself. The plot of the play is not particularly novel, but there are several characters which are varied from the conventional stage portrait-gallery. The French count who goes into business, and is anxious to make a fortune rather than to marry one, is new to the stage, and is unquestionably an invention of the author. There may be such a French count, but he has not appeared on this side of the Atlantic up to the hour of going to press.

Harry B. Smith.



THE SECOND ANNUAL LIVE-STOCK SHOW, AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 1226.]

1. Norman Cow. 2. Guernsey Bull. 3. Sheep-shearing Contest. 4. Shropshire Sheep. 5. General View of the Stalls. 6. Trying a Sheep-Dog. 7. Dorset Ram. 8. Poland China Hog. 9. Small Yorkshire Swine.

LEADVILLE'S DETERMINED STRIKE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY O'KEEFE AND STOCKDORF, LEADVILLE.

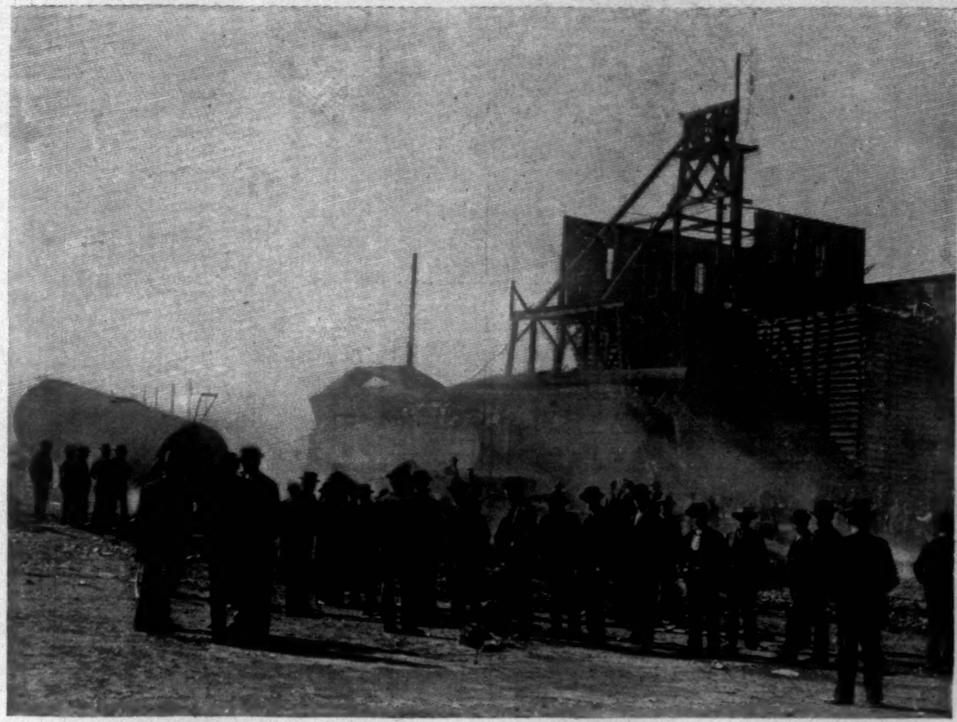
SINCE September 21 it has cost the State of Colorado fully $1000 a day to preserve the peace in Leadville. About 2000 miners have been on strike there since June 19 last, seeking an increase in wages. The strike has now resolved itself into the old fight for the recognition of labor unions as much as for a demand for increased pay. It is a strike that has tested the value of the militia in campaigning under severe climatic conditions, and it has proved that the National Guard of Colorado, like the National Guard of many other States, does not consist of mere holiday soldiers. The camp is pitched at an altitude of 11,000 feet above the sea-level, and already the citizen soldiers have felt the rigors of deep snow and intense cold, experiences such as probably no other National-Guardsmen have passed through in military duty. Moreover, no one knows when the task of preserving the peace will end, and it is entirely possible that the militia will be called upon to battle with the elements of nature in the famous "Cloud City," as well as with the spirit of lawlessness, during the trying time of winter.

This strike has also been peculiar in that, after the soldiers had been called out, there was little desire on the part of the strikers to destroy property, as has been the case too frequently in determined conflicts between capital and labor in this country. Five men were killed before the soldiers came, but since then the strikers have proclaimed that it is to their interest to see that the mine properties are not injured. For the first time in recent years in this country in such a contest there has been little hostile feeling between the militia and the strikers. The strikers have not openly resented the presence of the soldiers by especial acts of violence; and the soldiers, on their part, have performed the arduous duties that have fallen to them with commendable cheerfulness and patience. The soldiers have been concerned chiefly with the preservation of the peace, rather than with the protection of property. Violence started when the mine-owners began to bring in non-union workmen from Missouri. This necessitated the presence of the militia, and it is the protection of about 300 of these men that is costing the State of Colorado so heavily.

From the very first the strikers counted on the assistance of nature to help them in their fight. They thought that the mines would become so choked and damaged by water that the owners would soon relent. They felt sure that the conditions of mining in Leadville would not permit the successful introduction of miners from other States. They reasoned that even if the militia were called out, the soldiers would soon have to yield under the fierce attacks of the weather. In respect to the assistance from the flooding of the mines and from the inability of miners from other States to work effectively in the mines, the plans of the strikers seem to have been only partly successful; in respect to the inability of the militia to withstand the weather, they have been completely in error thus far.

The great test as to whether citizen soldiers could endure winter campaigning at an altitude of 11,000 feet came on the night of November 10. It became bitterly cold during the early evening. About midnight a fierce snow-storm came. It snowed great damp flakes instead of the fine gritty snow that usually falls there. Soon the sentries found it difficult to walk their posts. Finally they were driven to seek shelter. When reveille was blown at six o'clock in the morning, the entire camp awoke to find itself snowed in to the depth of two feet. Heads were thrust out of the 140 tents in which the men had been sleeping in groups of from four to ten, and then there began a shaking of the canvas walls as if an earthquake were in progress. The snow fell to the ground in miniature avalanches. What remained on the tents was soon melted by the heat from the stoves inside. Pools of water formed in every tent, and the condition of the soldiers was very uncomfortable. They dressed hastily, and, military discipline being relaxed a little, they broke paths to the mess-tent in the grand stand of the baseball-grounds, where Camp McIntire, named after the Governor of the State, was situated. They broke paths to the posts of the sentries and to the officers' quarters.

Then the call to breakfast was sounded. It was a miserable meal. The melted snow dripped through the leaky shelter, and the cold wind chilled the men, who had to stand in pools of water or to sit on damp boards. After breakfast military routine was suspended, and all hands turned out to clear up the camp. The main street was attacked first. In a short time it began to look like a thoroughfare once more. Big boxes were made into carts, and young men who had never associated military duty with street-cleaning prided themselves on their work, and humorously declared that they did not fear comparisons with Colonel Waring's "angels." By noon the camp was clear. The vigorous work of the morning had put a glow on the faces of the men and a spirit of fun in their hearts, and with one accord officers and men joined in a snowball fight that lasted for nearly half an hour, and satisfied the desire for combat latent in the men. Casualties in the shape of blackened eyes were numerous. In the afternoon military routine was resumed.



THE CORONADO MINE BLOWN UP AND BURNED BY THE RIOTERS.
A Number of the Rioters were killed during the Attack upon the Property.

It is doubtful if at any time during the civil war soldiers had to pass through such an experience with cold and snow as these members of Colorado's National Guard went through for a few days. It resembled duty at Valley Forge, except that clothing and food were not scarce at Camp McIntire. It showed that military service in time of comparative peace is no play in Colorado. Most of the members of the National Guard there belong to wealthy families, and most of them live in the cities and towns in the valleys. They were hurried to the front without adequate clothing for duty at an altitude of over two miles, and it became necessary for the State to purchase large quantities of clothing for their protection. The supply was not sufficient for the hurried demand, and for a time it was a common sight to see sentries exchange coats and rubbers when new guards were posted.

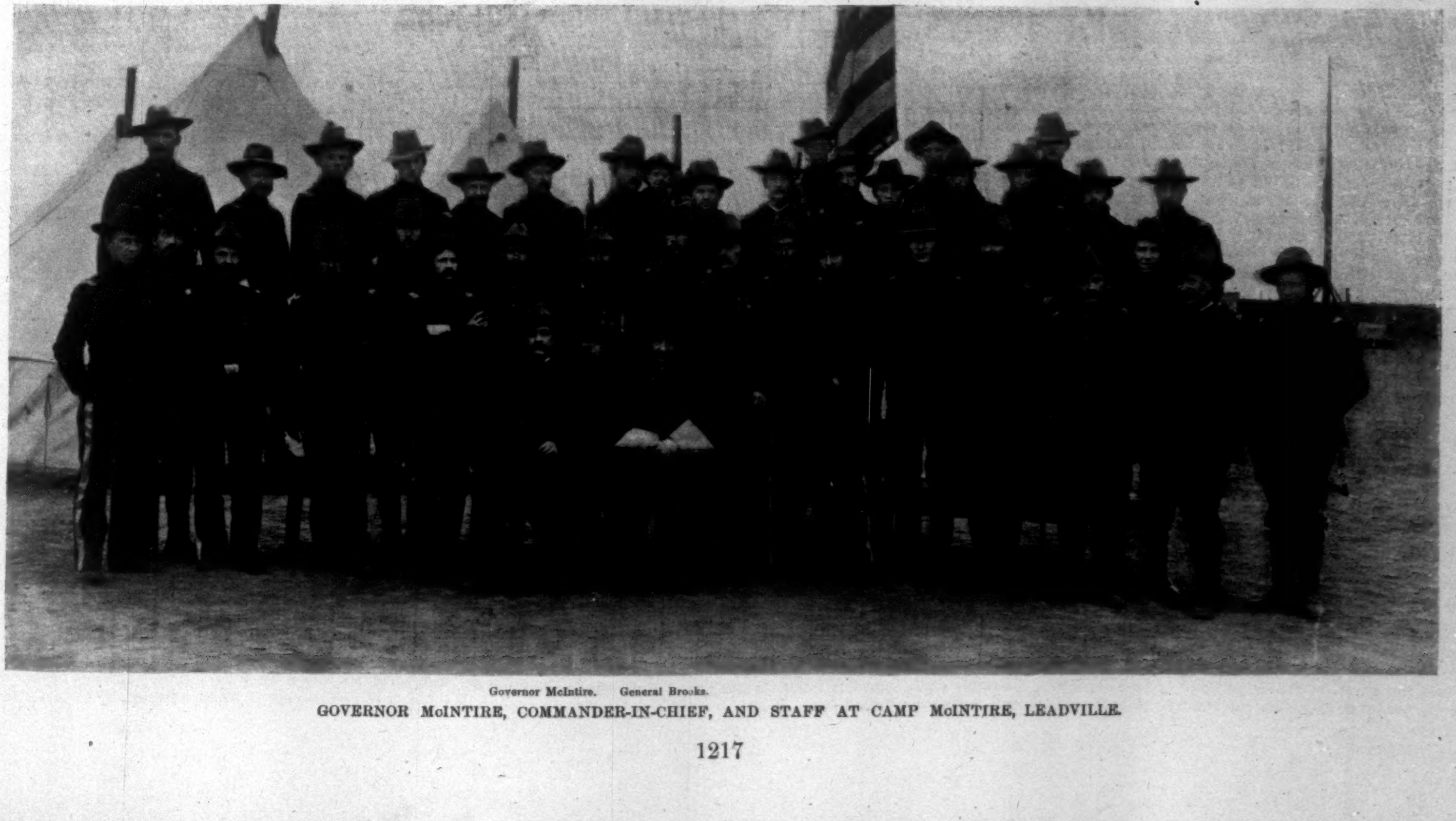
Difficult and exhaustive as the duty has been, the spirit of cheerfulness that the men have shown has been remarkable. There has been little illness in the camp, owing to the precautions of the officers in charge. When any soldier has shown signs of a cold, he has been sent at once to the hospital, so as to guard against pneumonia. All sorts of diversions have been adopted for amusement. There have been mock auctions, amateur theatricals, concerts, games, and humorous parades. For the fun there was in it, all story-telling was barred. This was because the men had a song which could be used effectively only when a man began to tell some yarn. At the very first indication that some one was about to tell a story, a great volume of song would interrupt him:

"It sounds to me, it sounds to me,
It sounds to me like a lie;
It may be so, but I don't know,
It sounds to me like a lie."

That invariably broke up any story-telling at the start. If a man was inclined to continue, a repetition of the song stopped him effectively.

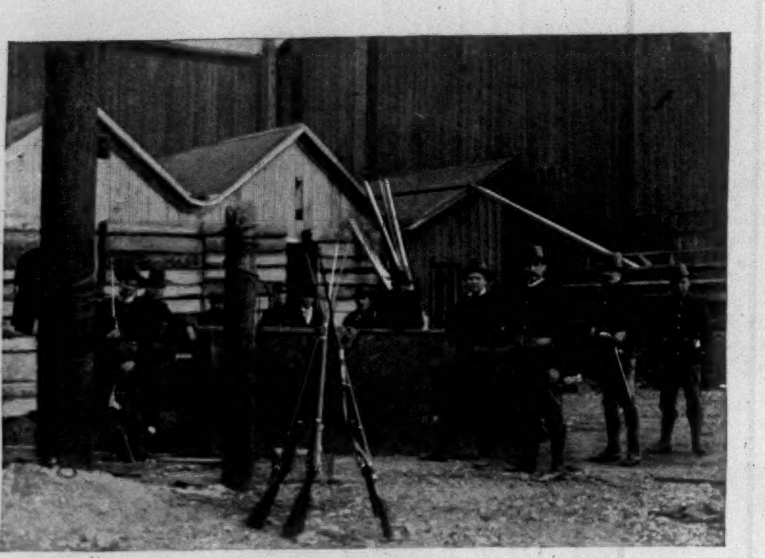
The strike began with a demand of $3 a day in wages instead of $2 50. The higher figure was paid to union miners in other States. Those miners who were getting $3 a day did not go out on strike. Most of the miners in and about Leadville own their own homes, and there were no wholesale evictions such as have characterized many of the strikes in the East. Nor has there been any sign of destitution among the strikers. The miners in other places have sent money to Leadville regularly, and all bills for the necessaries of life have been paid promptly. The town and county authorities and the local merchants have all sympathized with the strikers. The Governor refused to call out the troops until the local authorities called on him for help.

For two months after the strike began, practically no



Governor McIntire. General Brooks.

GOVERNOR McINTIRE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, AND STAFF AT CAMP McINTIRE, LEADVILLE.



THE BARRICADE OF BOILER IRON AND MINE TIMBERS IN FRONT OF SHAFT-HOUSE.

work was done in most of the mines. Then the owners decided to bring in men from Missouri. The union began to watch railroad stations and to patrol the streets. Assaults on strangers were of nightly occurrence. The mine-owners built stockades about their property and fortified them. One morning some dynamite was hurled into the shaft of the Coronado Mine to set fire to the stockade where the strangers were being sheltered and cared for. When those within the place tried to escape, they were met with a volley of bullets. Those inside the place returned the fire at once, and five of the attacking party were killed.

Then the local authorities were compelled to act, and the Governor was asked to send troops. They came forthwith, and have remained there since. Aside from the rigors of climate with which they have had to contend, the only serious duty they have had to perform has been to escort some new delegation of miners from the railroad station to a mine. At such times the soldiers have met with jeers and insults, but with no form of violence. That duty performed, the soldiers and strikers have been on friendly terms. Not only have the soldiers performed duties about Camp McIntire, but every night they have patrolled the streets of the town, and have protected the stockades of certain mines. At first nearly 1000 troops were on duty, but recently that number was reduced one-half.

The presence of the military has not stopped minor violence. Brawls are almost of nightly occurrence. When any of the non-union men venture into the town, they rarely escape without a beating. Some of these assaults have been of a serious character. The town authorities have made few arrests, however, and the spirit of lawlessness in that respect remains unchecked.

As to the strike itself, there are two sides, of course. The workmen assert that they ought to receive as much pay as workmen in other places for the same kind of work. The employers say that they cannot afford to pay the wages demanded and continue to run their mines. Lately the mine-owners have declared that it is a question as to whether they shall be allowed to manage their own affairs. Some of them, however, have shown a disposition to yield, provided such a course did not require a recognition of the union. The mine-owners have formed a union of their own, and so the struggle seems now to be a contest between a union of capital on one side and a union of labor on the other, with the military performing arduous duty to preserve the peace.

BISMARCK'S LATEST REVELATION.

IT has recently been stated, upon the authority of Prince Bismarck, that for six years before his dismissal from office—*i. e.*, from 1884 to 1890—Germany had a neutrality treaty with Russia. The chief object of the Prince in making this revelation is, of course, to show how much better the affairs of Germany were managed while he was in power than they have been managed since his retirement. To the very end of his public career he had secured Germany against the danger which she has now to face—the danger of a simultaneous attack on her western and eastern frontiers. In substance this claim has been advanced before. We have been told that Alexander III. trusted Bismarck and did not trust William II.; and when the latter became his own Chancellor, "the wire between St. Petersburg and Berlin was cut." The good taste, to put it mildly, of these disclosures may well be questioned. A feud with his King is hardly an appropriate ending to a life like Bismarck's. The criticisms evoked by his last revelation, however, have not been made from this point of view. The controversy between the ex-Chancellor and his royal master is a spectacle to which the world has grown accustomed. It is Bismarck's conduct while in power that is now censured, and this on the basis of the information which he himself has furnished. Little of the censure has been intelligent, because hardly any serious effort has been made to examine the fact now first made known to us in the light of what was already known of the diplomatic relations between Germany and her neighbors before and during the six years in question.

After the conclusion of the war with France and the establishment of the German Empire, in 1871, it was the chief aim of Bismarck's diplomacy to prevent the formation of any anti-German coalition. One power only, France, was irreconcilably hostile; it was therefore Bismarck's endeavor to establish such relations with the other great powers of the Continent as to be certain that none of them would ally itself with France. In this endeavor he had the great tactical advantage of desiring nothing but the maintenance of peace. Germany, as he frankly stated, belonged to the satisfied nations. She therefore desired no alliances save for peace. France, on the other hand, needed war—not at once, of course, but as soon as the prospects seemed good for recovering her lost provinces. Defensive alliances might be better for her than isolation, but these were not what she really wanted. France was further embarrassed in her quest of an ally by the distrust with which all the monarchic states regarded her republican form of government.

Shrewdly utilizing all the advantages of the German position and all the disadvantages of the French, Bismarck succeeded in establishing an alliance between the Emperors of Germany, Russia, and Austria. Whether any treaties were concluded between any of these powers we do not know, but there was at least an understanding that these three states should act in harmony. Their accord was attested by frequent meetings between the rulers and their Chancellors, and as far as the former were concerned, the accord remained unbroken until 1879. The Russian Chancellor, Gortchakoff, showed leanings toward a French alliance as early as 1875, but he was not able at first to shake the dynastic friendship between the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs. The weak point of the Dreikaiserbund, of course, was in the antagonism of Russian and Austrian interests in southeastern Europe. The Russian-Turkish war exposed the alliance to a serious strain, but an open breach was averted. Russia made secret arrangements with Austria for a delimitation of their respective spheres of influence in the Balkan peninsula, and promised to submit the final regulation of the Eastern question to a European congress. The outcome of the congress, which was held at Berlin in 1878, was, however, extremely unsatisfactory to Russia. Gortchakoff threw the blame from the shoulders of the Russian diplomatists, where it probably belonged, upon those of the German Chancellor, and he seems to have convinced his imperial master that the influence of Germany had been surreptitiously exerted against Russia. In 1879, when a European commission of delimitation was sitting at Novi-Bazar, the failure of the German commissioner to support the demands of his Russian colleague raised the suspicion and irritation of the Russian government to a pitch that menaced the friendly relations between the two countries. A personal letter from Alexander II. to William I., as Blum* tells us, demanded decisive support at Novi-Bazar under what was practically a threat of war.

It was at this crisis that the famous Austro-German treaty of 1879 was concluded. Bismarck sought and obtained an interview with the Austrian minister of foreign affairs, Count Andrássy, explained to him the situation, and expressed his fear that a Franco-Russian alliance was imminent. Andrássy responded that the only counterpoise against such a coalition was a German-Austrian alliance. A treaty was drafted, and accepted by the Emperor Francis Joseph. It was then submitted to the Emperor William, who at first refused to ratify Bismarck's action. The difference in the bias of the Emperor and his Chancellor was clearly brought out. Neither wished to choose between Austria and Russia; but if forced to choose, Bismarck, as he afterwards publicly declared in 1888, preferred the Austrian alliance, while William preferred the Russian. The Emperor, however, was at last convinced that a purely defensive alliance with Austria was not likely to create a permanent breach with Russia, and the treaty was duly ratified. The fact that some arrangement had been made was known at once, but the text of the treaty was not published until 1888. It was, in fact, a purely defensive agreement. If either of the two contracting powers were attacked by Russia, the other was to furnish armed support. If either party were attacked by a power other than Russia, the other party was to maintain a friendly neutrality, unless Russia should support the attacking power, in which case Germany and Austria were to make common cause.

In the mean time the Emperor William had sent a special envoy to arrange an interview between himself and the Czar. At the meeting which followed, the risk of an immediate rupture was averted, but the old Emperor's effort to dissipate the Russian distrust of Germany's policy was not, it seems, wholly successful. With the accession in 1881 of Alexander III., who was popularly believed to be in sympathy with the Panslavists, the danger of a European war seemed greatly increased. Early in 1882 General Skobeleff delivered inflammatory harangues against Germany and Austria, first in Russia, then at Paris and at Warsaw. It soon became evident, however, that the new Czar was more pacific than had been supposed. Gortchakoff, who had been relieved from active duties in 1881, was definitely retired in 1882, and Giers, who was by no means a Teutophobe, was appointed minister of foreign affairs. Skobeleff was sent back to his post at Minsk, where, in the summer of 1882, he died. Gambetta, who in 1881 had emerged from the background in which he had been making and unmaking cabinets, and had placed himself at the head of a short-lived ministry, died at the close of the same year (1882). With him, as the Russian newspapers declared, disappeared "the last hope of a Russian-French alliance." The relations between Russia and Germany showed signs of steady improvement. Giers began to pay annual visits to Bismarck. In 1883 Gortchakoff died—people began to remark that all Bismarck's enemies were dying, and to wonder whether he had poisoned them—and among the ex-minister's papers was found and transmitted to the Czar a proposal from Bismarck, which must have been made before the summer of 1881, for a renewal of the Dreikaiserbund. This proposal Gortchakoff had suppressed. The fact was reported in German and Austrian papers which stood in confidential relations to their respective governments, accompanied by the statement that the Czar had been highly incensed by the discovery of Gortchakoff's self-willed proceedings. This meant, of course, that the Czar would like to see the proposal renewed. In February, 1884, Prince Orloff, described as *persona gratissima*, was appointed Russian ambassador at Berlin. In April a Russian loan of £15,000,000 was floated on favorable terms by Berlin bankers. In September the three Emperors met at Skiernievitze, in Russian Poland. The meeting was taken, at the time, to indicate a renewal of the accord that had existed prior to 1879.

It was in this year, 1884, as we now learn, that a treaty was negotiated between Russia and Germany for a term of three years, pledging each power to remain neutral in case the other should be attacked by a third power. This meant that if France attacked Germany, Russia would not aid France, and if Austria attacked Russia, Germany would not aid Austria. Such an arrangement was perfectly compatible with the defensive agreement previously established between Germany and Austria. It was in perfect harmony with the new accord established between the three courts. It may have contributed to the re-establishment of the Dreikaiserbund by allaying Russian suspicions regarding the nature of the Austro-German treaty of 1879. There is no reason for assuming, as a large part of the press has assumed, that Germany was intriguing behind Austria's back with a common enemy. There was, in fact, at precisely this time, a simultaneous movement of both powers toward their former ally; and whether Austria was or was not informed of the new treaty, she was obviously a party to the general understanding which Germany and Russia had reached.

The best proof of a common understanding is found in the fact that from 1884 on, Germany and Austria acted together in support of the Russian policy in Bulgaria. At Berlin, in 1878, this principality had been assigned—not in the published treaty, but according to the general understanding—to the Russian "sphere of influence." When, in 1885, Prince Alexander, in contravention of Russia's plans, assumed the leadership of the Rumelian insurgents, Germany and Austria promptly protested against this violation of the treaty of Berlin. When Russia excited Servia to attack Bulgaria, Germany and Austria remained passive. When the Bulgarians beat back their assailants and carried the war into Servia, they were checked by a threat of war from Austria. When, in 1886, Prince Alexander was kidnapped by the Bulgarian adherents of Russia and a provisional government friendly to Russia instituted, the German and Austrian representatives remained passive spectators of the outrage. When a counter-revolution brought the friends of Prince Alexander and of Bulgarian independence into power again, and the leading conspirators against the Prince were sentenced to death, the German and Austrian representatives interfered to prevent the execution of the sentences. Throughout this whole episode Germany supported the Russian diplomacy, and Austria acted in perfect accord with Germany.

When, in 1887, Prince Ferdinand of Coburg was elected Prince of Bulgaria, Russia refused to recognize the election as legal, but took no measures, except through diplomatic channels, to prevent his occupation of the throne. The tone of the Russian press grew more hostile to Austria and Germany, suspicions were expressed that Austria had secretly promoted Ferdinand's candidacy, and that Germany was secretly supporting Austria's policy. Documentary evidence of Germany's alleged perfidy was placed in the hands of Alexander III.; but at an interview between the Czar and Bismarck, in November, 1887, Bismarck demonstrated that the documents were forged. Accounts of this interview appeared in inspired German and Austrian papers. According to the Pesth *Lloyd* of November 28, Bismarck found it necessary to remind the Czar that "whoever desires to live in peace with Germany must not attack Germany's allies." On this occasion, again, in consequence of Bismarck's frank explanation, the danger of war was averted. At some time during this year (1887) the Russo-German treaty was renewed for a second three years. In 1888 the Emperor Frederick III. gave Russia fresh proof of Germany's pacific disposition by refusing his consent, on Prince Bismarck's advice, to the contemplated marriage between the ex-Prince of Bulgaria and the Princess Victoria of Prussia.

The net impression produced by these facts—all of which may be found in such publications as Blum's German Empire and Hahn's documentary biography of Bismarck, or in the annual volumes of Schulthess's *Geschichtskalender*—is in harmony with the repeated declarations made by Bismarck in the Imperial Diet. These may be summarized as follows: Germany's one aim was to preserve the peace of Europe; as between Russia and Austria, her attitude was wholly impartial in all non-German questions; but in case of a Russian attack upon Austria, she would give the latter power that armed support which she had promised in the treaty of 1879.

The question remains to be answered why the announcement that from 1884 to 1890 Germany was pledged not to support Austria in any aggressive policy against Russia should have evoked so much hostile criticism. Such a pledge was perfectly consistent with the treaty engagements between Germany and Austria, and with the interpretation which Bismarck placed upon those engagements in all his public utterances; and yet the fact that such a pledge was given is now declared by the English press, and by a part of the Continental press, to be a proof of singular perfidy. Some of Bismarck's critics object to the freedom of action which Germany reserved to herself. They urge that she assumed the right to decide, in case of war between Austria and Russia, which of these powers was really the aggressor. If she chose to think that a Russian attack had been virtually provoked by Austria, she could remain neutral in spite of the treaty of 1879. If, on the other hand, the attack came from Austria, but appeared to be due to Russian provocation, Germany could join Austria in spite of the treaty of 1884. Treaties are supposed to bind the contracting parties; but in this case Germany's contract with each power was what civilians call a contract *si voluerim*—"if I see fit." In this contention there is an element of truth; but it must not be forgotten that in international alliances the recognition of the *casus fœderis* regularly depends on the good faith of the parties; and it should be remembered—a fact which thus far has been strangely overlooked—that the power to determine when the *casus fœderis* of 1879 should come into existence was not first assumed by Germany in 1884, when Bismarck concluded the treaty with Russia, but was accorded to Germany by Austria in 1879. In promising aid if the other party should be attacked, each of the contracting powers then reserved to itself, and accorded to the other, the power of deciding what was and what was not to be regarded as an attack. The treaty of 1884 introduced no change into the situation. Germany neither assumed any new power of decision nor limited in any way the freedom of decision she already possessed.

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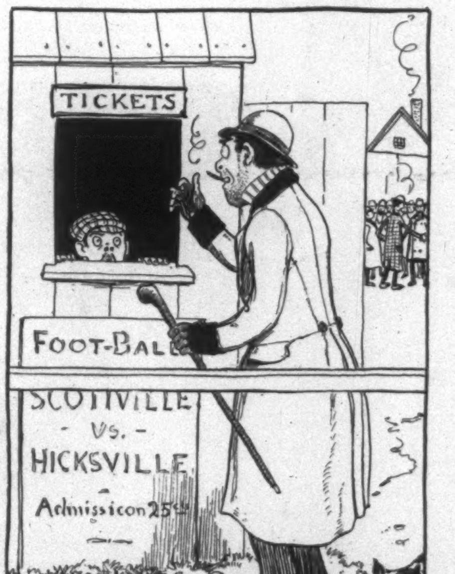
* Hans Blum, *Das deutsche Reich zur Zeit Bismarcks* (Leipsic and Vienna: 1893), p. 219.

Other critics urge that alliances that are in spirit offensive are often, by the decent usage of diplomacy, clothed in the form of defensive compacts; and that Austria was justified in believing that a liberal interpretation would be given to the treaty of 1879. The first of these assertions is true, but not the second. Considering that Bismarck's object was known to be the maintenance of peace, and the difficulty in gaining Emperor William's assent even to a defensive alliance, the Austrian government was not entitled to assume that the treaty would be construed to cover the case of Austrian provocation to war.

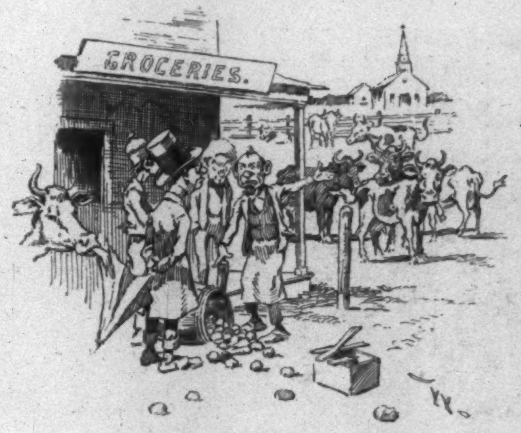
Very many people, however, not only in Austria, but also in other parts of Europe, did entertain this view of the Austro-German alliance, and the present outcry is largely a result of their sudden disillusion. Many Austrians, and nearly all Hungarians, would like to see the Austrian influence in the Balkan peninsula extended beyond the sphere assigned to Austria eighteen years ago. With this desire the majority of the Germans in Germany are in hearty sympathy. Nearly all Englishmen would like to see Austria occupy the whole territory now held by Turkey in Europe, for the sake of shutting Russia out of Constantinople. Many Germans, especially the more advanced Liberals, are influenced in their desires not only by sympathy with Austria as a partially German state, but by an intense dislike of Russian autocracy. Before 1870 it was a touchstone of German liberalism to hate Russia, as it was a proof of conservative sentiment to admire Russia, and the old tradition is not dead. European Catholics, also, are on the side of orthodox Austria as against schismatic Russia. In 1885 the Radical and Ultramontane press of Germany fairly clamored for war because of the wrongs of Prince Alexander. Now that all those people, who for years had hoped that the armies of Germany might be ranged with those of Austria in an aggressive movement towards the Bosporus, discover that Bismarck never meant to carry out any such policy, they are aggrieved. The deception which was really caused by their former vain imaginings they instinctively attribute to his duplicity—a duplicity which consisted in saying precisely what he meant, while they believed that he meant more than he said.

The only point in the accusation that remains to be noted is the inference of bad faith that is drawn from the fact that the Russian treaty was kept secret. That the treaty of 1879 was not kept secret from the Russian government, we know. The last section of that treaty provided for an eventual communication of its provisions to Russia; and in 1888, when the treaty was published, Bismarck declared in the Reichstag that its terms had "long ago" been made known to Russia. But why was the treaty of 1884 kept secret? There is no obvious reason why its existence should have been concealed from the Austrian *government*, and we do not know, as yet, that it was so concealed. It may have been deemed desirable, however, in the interests of the Austrian government itself, that the Prussian-Russian compact should be kept secret from the Austrian *people*. In Hungary, especially, the belief that the Austro-Prussian engagements amounted to an alliance for all contingencies greatly strengthened the position of the government. To conceal facts which might embarrass a friendly government is not regarded by European statesmen as a grave offence. It is certainly no perfidy to the government whose interests are thus consulted. It is quite obvious, however, that such a defence of Bismarck's conduct cannot be officially advanced by Bismarck's successors; and in their answer to the recent interpellation on this matter (November 16) they in fact confined themselves to assuring the Reichstag that the agreement of 1884 was in conflict neither with the letter nor with the spirit of the treaty of 1879.

Munroe Smith.



"WANTS HIS QUARTER BACK."



AFIELD WITH FACT.

DOWNFALL OF MANISTIQUE COWS.

One of the pleasing signs of the times is the marked increase of civic pride noted throughout the country. In different cities this has manifested itself in different ways. In New York it has been shown in the formation of good government clubs and the partial, at least, purification of local politics. A widely different, though no less commendable, example of it comes in newspaper reports from Manistique, Michigan. This is nothing less than the imperative demand of the leading business men and better citizens that cows be prohibited from running at large in the daytime, or at least that they be put on the same plane with bicycles and kept off the sidewalks.

Abuse must of course precede reform, and, as may be naturally inferred, the cows have long enjoyed unusual privileges at Manistique. In fact, cows' rights have been more fully realized there than at any other place in the country, practically no distinction being made between them and other citizens, except on election day, when the cows have not been allowed to vote. There are not wanting persons in Manistique who maintain that the cows have felt this unjust discrimination, and that they have been wont to get together on election day and bellow most dismally for equal suffrage. But this, of course, can be only an idle fancy.

It is a fact, however, that the cows have long enjoyed all other civic privileges; and it must be here sadly recorded that they have abused these privileges shamelessly. Not content with being allowed to use the sidewalks, they have gathered in droves on leading corners and important crossings and compelled other people to take to the street. They have hooked over clothing-store "dummies," upset cigar-store Indians, broken plate-glass windows with their horns, switched their tails against visitors, and impeded traffic on the trolley-lines by lying down on the tracks while they chewed their cuds. Another trick of theirs has been that of putting their heads in at open windows and either lowing mournfully or snorting in an alarming manner. It was a Manistique editor who one day had the unpleasant experience, while writing an article for his paper on the "Growth of Metropolitanism in Our Midst," of suddenly becoming conscious of a brindled cow looking over his shoulder and unblushingly breathing in his ear.

But even these manifest outrages on the part of the bovine citizens brought out no protest from the other people. At last, however, the cows went too far, and their rights have been abridged. For years they had subsisted on the pasturage which the side streets, lawns of well-to-do residents, and the public parks afforded, and no complaint was made. No one else wanted the grass, and it was generally recognized as belonging to the cows. Besides, the practice saved a man from owning and operating a lawn-mower, always an obnoxious implement. But, as usual with monopolists, the cows became dissatisfied, and began converting liberty into license. Last spring, though the grass was a foot long in Schoolcraft Park, and many fine lawns were practically untouched, they turned away and began to feed exclusively upon the fresh vegetables displayed in front of the groceries and markets. Naturally there was a protest on the part of the tradesmen.

In the past they had not objected to the cows occasionally sampling a squash or nipping at a head of lettuce, or even making off with a new potato or a peach, but when it got so that the cows, in the words of the despatch, "cleaned out the markets before the regular customers could get a chance," there was, of course, a great outcry by everybody, except possibly a few of the more conservative citizens; but these were usually large owners of cows, and but little interested in marketing. It soon became no uncommon thing for a merchant to be summoned from his store to find two cows fighting over a cucumber which lay on the sidewalk between them; and often in attempting to rescue the vegetable he would be bunted over by a third cow, who would seize the fruit of contention, and bolt with it between her teeth like a cigar. One critical old black and white animal was one morning observed standing before a basket of locally grown onions, and regarding them with a supercilious and disgusted air. A probable explanation offered was that she was waiting for the groceryman to bring out a crate of Bermuda onions.

Of course this sort of thing could not go on long. A public meeting was soon called to devise ways and means for controlling the cows. Both extreme and moderate measures were proposed. The conservatives in the meeting were in favor only of prohibiting the cows from walking on the sidewalks or gathering in the band stand in the park on Sunday. This was met by the radicals with the sarcastic inquiry if the animals should not also be compelled to carry a lamp at night and ring a bell when approaching a crossing. Another man very humorously suggested that a cow be licensed to eat four radishes in the forenoon, and one tomato and two bunches of local or one of Kalamazoo celery in the afternoon, and to be entitled to one drink a day out of the fountain in Mayor Bushnell's yard. The conservatives tried to rally, but were met by the enraged radicals and defeated. It was decided that cows must keep off the streets at all hours, and it is now possible to buy fresh vegetables in Manistique, and ambitious young heifers no longer put their heads in at the general delivery of the post-office, to the consternation of the young lady in charge.

The cows of Manistique abused their privileges and lost them. Many very able politicians may learn a valuable lesson from this simple experience of the Manistique cows.

H. C.

THE DEMON OF THE LEDGE.

Beyond the cape there runs a rocky ledge,
Which at full tide is only faintly seen;
The sea-birds pause and loiter on the edge,
Preening their feathers in the mirrors green
Which lie in well-worn hollows here and there;
While at the further end there is a rock
Shaped as a demon's head—long weed the hair—
Which all unmoved receives the breakers' shock.

This is the evil spirit of the sea,
Sleeping in calms, but waking in the wind
Which drives the ships before it helplessly,
As men, by fear and anger rendered blind,
Rush on to death. Then rising over all,
Above the breakers, far above the gale,
Is heard the demon's wild unearthly call,
Hailing in thunder tones the passing sail.

As in the wild beast's cavern whitened bones
Bear witness to the victims of his greed,
So at the demon's feet, between two stones,
Studded with barnacles and wound with weed,
There lie the keel and ribs of some great ship,
Which listened to the cry and sailed into
The harbor, where the anchor once let slip
Holds fast until the sea has claimed its due.

Flavel Scott Mines.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP.*

"O let me climbe
When I lye down."—Henry Vaughan.

A peculiar interest attaches to the literary recreations of "men of affairs," especially when, as in the case of the Hon. John Bigelow's recently published book on *The Mystery of Sleep*, both the theme and its treatment are quite remote from association with what are ordinarily deemed the practical concerns of our earthly life. In reality, Mr. Bigelow's book is of great practical value. The importance of sleep, in his view of it, leads to considerations radically modifying the whole conduct of life. But the view itself—as suggested in the title of the work, as dealing with the unseen side of a physical phenomenon, and as illustrated and illuminated by the sayings of sages and poets, from Job to Swedenborg, is essentially mystical. The word mystery (from a Greek word meaning *to close the eyes*) is primarily associated with sleep. Mr. Bigelow sees in sleep not the passive state outwardly apparent, not the mere winning back of a spent force or the reparation of wasted tissue through a period of rest, but the positive physical and spiritual re-enforcement of life at its very source. In the fact that physically sleep is a withdrawal from the world he finds the sign of that deeper withdrawal characteristic of the Christlike spirit which "overcomes the world."

This book, besides being a noble example of pure and lucid English, and a most remarkable collection of passages from the sacred Scriptures, and from Shakespeare and other eminent writers, concerning the larger office of sleep, is a profound spiritual interpretation.

The author has fitly chosen for his motto the saying of Iamblichus, "The night time of the body is the day time of the soul." When the earth lies in its own shadow, shut out from its near and sunlit heaven, at first it seems concluded in darkness; then suddenly there is the illumination of a universe, and the planet is disclosed to itself as part of a celestial harmony. So is it with sleep. At first it seems like an ebbing and diminished life, until all conscious activity is suspended; but as this door is shut, another door is opened, to the inner house of life, flooded with a light that fails not—truly "the daylight of the soul."

What is sleep? The phenomenon as open to our observation gives no intimation of its real office or of its essential meaning. The late Michael Foster demonstrated by physical tests that every physiological functioning precipitates a poison, and that what we call weariness is a kind of malady. The feeling of heaviness and oppression is its symptom. It is as if gravitation resumed its power over us, overcoming that levitation which is characteristic of organic life. The supervening sleep seems at first to be a sign of this subjugation, a yielding to the burden. Such is the outward appearance—that of the committal of of our recumbent bodies to the attraction of gravitation which compels all matter, and which will finally bring our solar system to dissolution. But our observation embraces another aspect of sleep, the renovation of physical and mental energy disclosed upon our awaking. What has happened? No antidote has been administered for the cure of the initial malady, which nevertheless has been cured. Somehow the stream that at first seemed obstructed and clogged has cleared itself. It would be absurd to say that the weariness was imposed for the sake of rest. We might as well say that the night exists that there may be day again, or death that there may again be life, or evil for the sake of good. Nor is it a sufficient explication of the essential character of sleep if we regard it as a recommittal of our human nature to its animal basis (through the abdication of the cerebrum in favor of the cerebellum), or, as Dr. J. J. G. Wilkinson expresses it, "the dying down like grass into our organic roots."

Neither the dominance of the external world nor of our animal nature is established in sleep. On the one hand we are withdrawn from the world, and on the other we are withdrawn to some deeper chamber of life than that occupied by the animal in us. We are, as Wilkinson says, "caught by our better nature"—*i. e.*, by a higher. We

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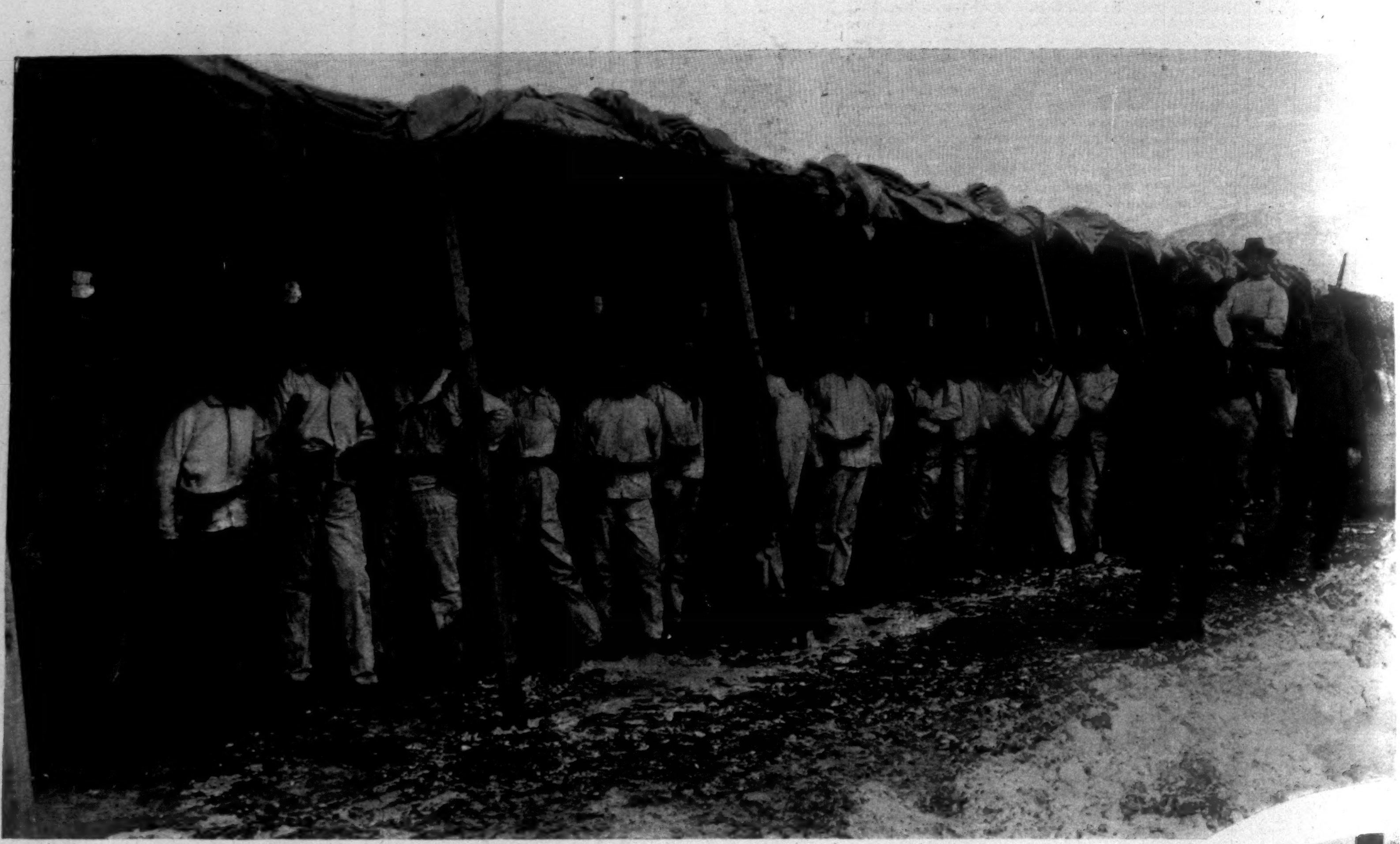
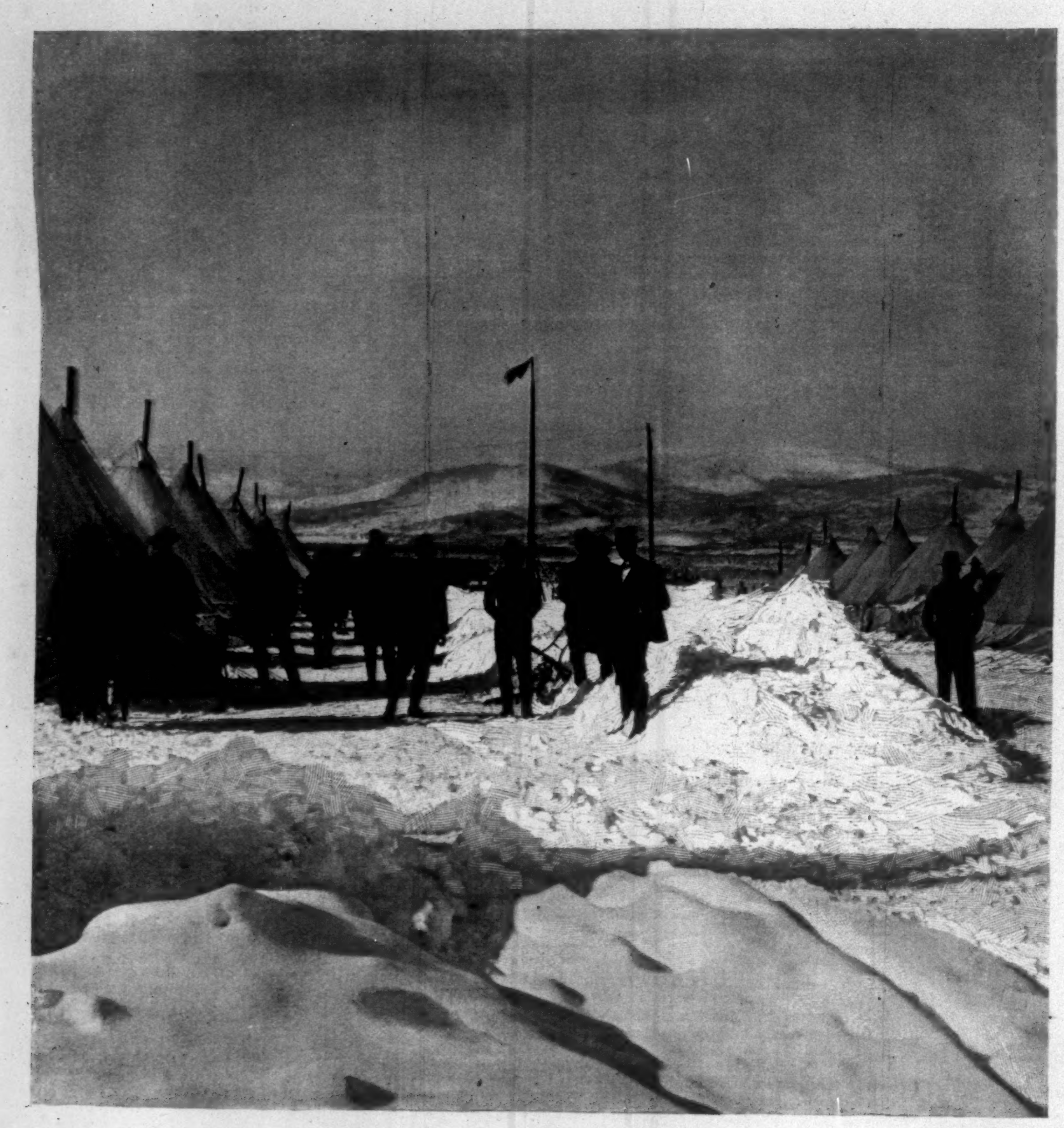
* *The Mystery of Sleep.* By John Bigelow. New York: Harper & Brothers.

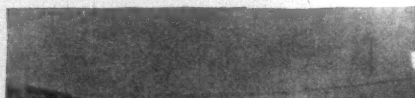


LEADVILLE CITY CAVALRY IN STABLE CLOTHES.

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP McINTIRE—COLONEL H

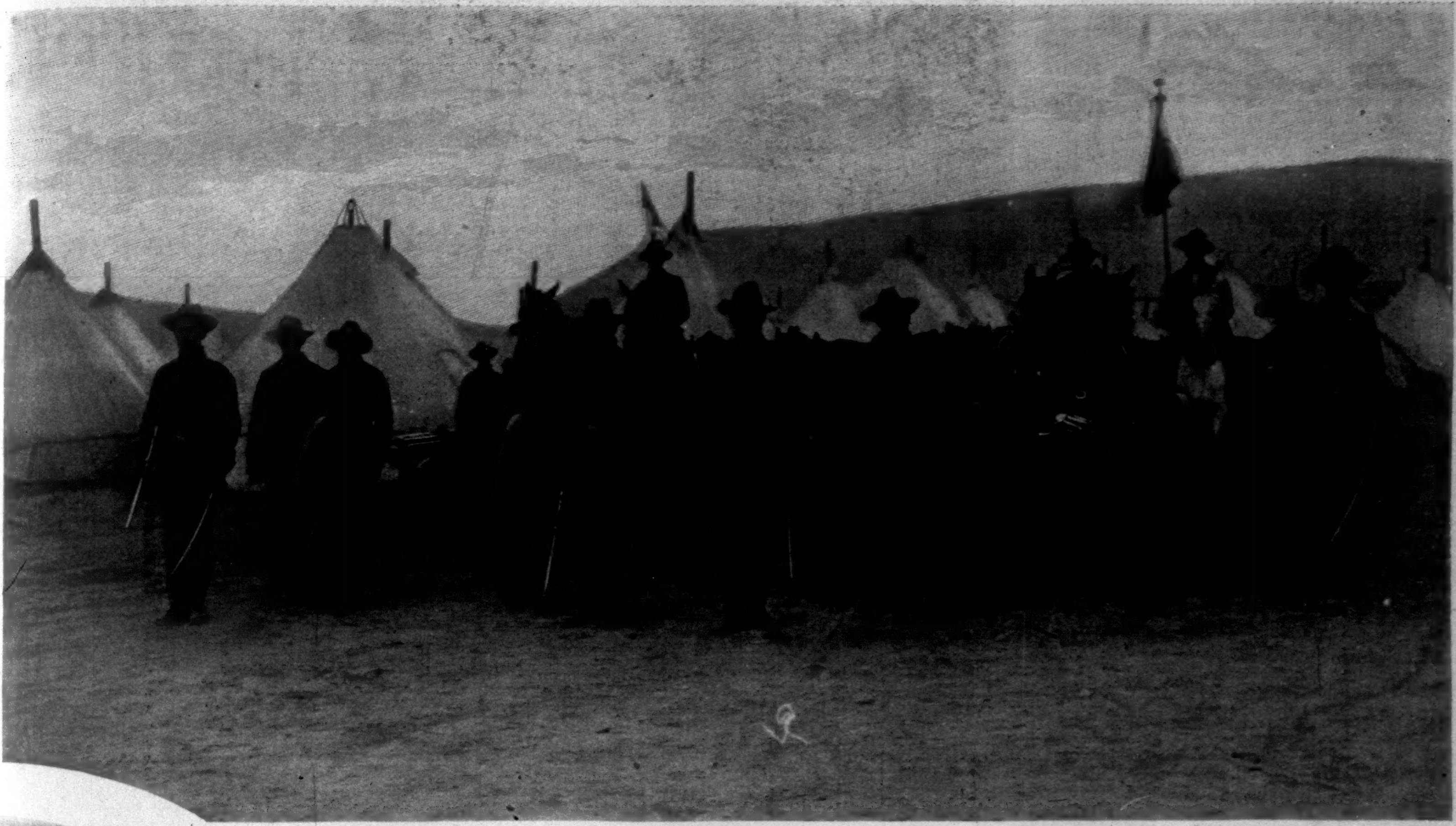


A STREET IN THE CAMP AFTER THE SNOW-STORM.



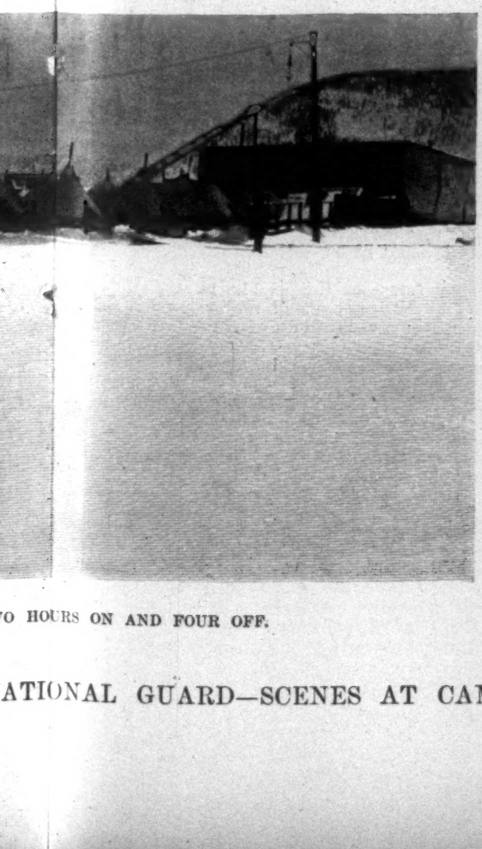
GUARD DUTY—TWO HO

LEADVILLE'S DETERMINED STRIKE, AND THE WINTER CAMPAIGN OF COLORADO'S NATIO

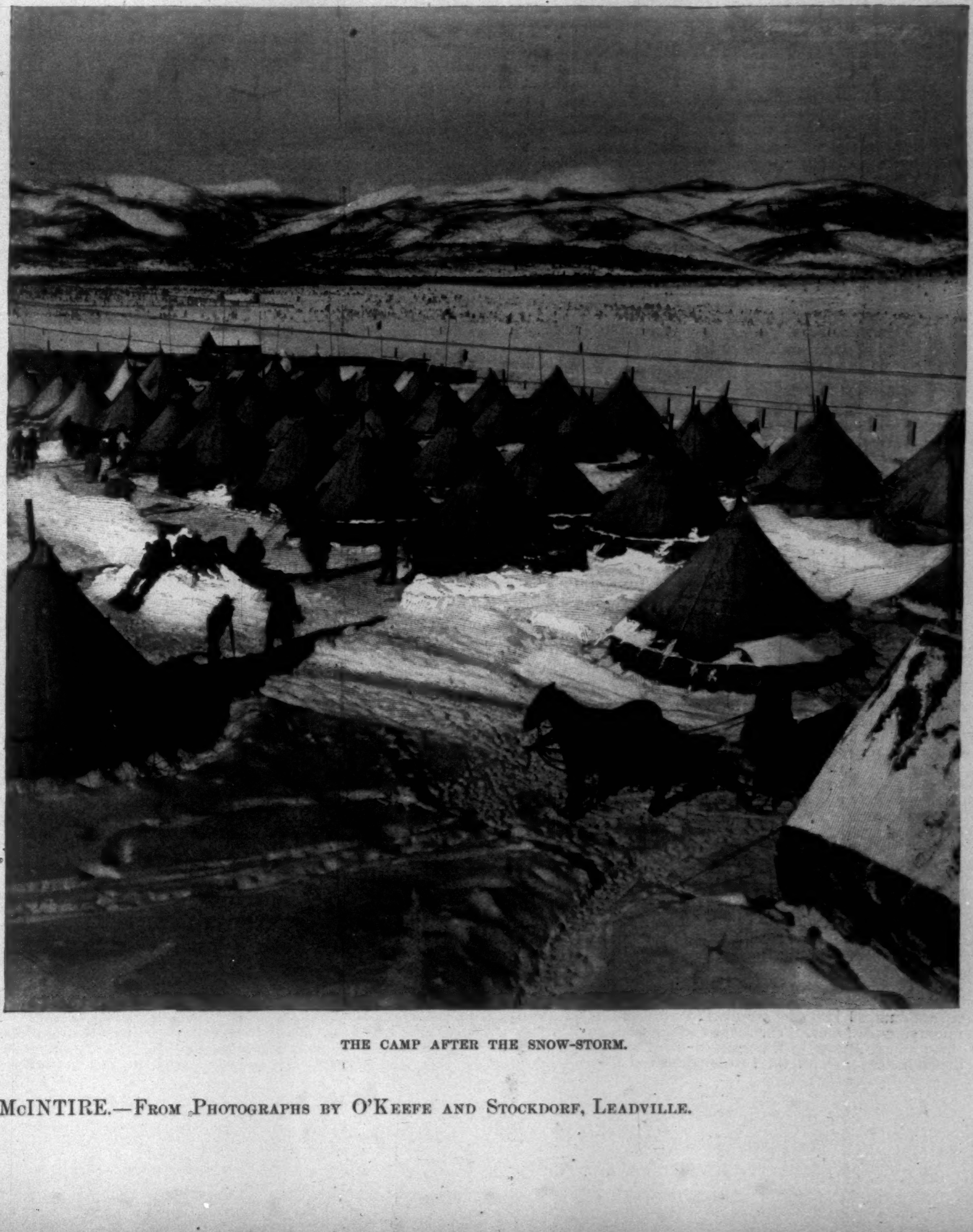


THE DENVER CITY BATTERY WITH THEIR GATLING GUNS.

ONEL HOGLE, SECOND REGIMENT, C. N. G., AND STAFF.



O HOURS ON AND FOUR OFF.



THE CAMP AFTER THE SNOW-STORM.

ATIONAL GUARD—SCENES AT CAMP McINTIRE.—From Photographs by O'Keefe and Stockdorf, Leadville.

are compelled to give up the idea of recession—of an ebbing current—and to adopt in its place that of a flood-tide springing from the very fountain of our life.

The mystery of sleep is the mystery of creation. We may, indeed, use religious terms in this connection if we give them the deeper significance which religion itself has when we identify it with our true life. We may thus regard weariness as a repentance of the world and sleep as absolution, so that one awakes "a new creature." In sleep we are like the Prodigal Son who has "come to himself," and, at the same time, to the Father's house. There is in sleep a recovery; but it is thus redemptive only because of the creative life which in sleep possesses and transforms us.

It is easy to pass from this view of that special phenomenon which we call sleep in the animal and vegetable to the larger and deeper sense of sleep as a primary cosmic condition. The inorganic world lies asleep beneath the cold hard aspect which it presents to our vision. Its inertia is the mask of its creative life. The following passage, which Mr. Bigelow cites from Buffon, has a profound philosophical meaning: "Sleep, which appears to be a purely passive state, a species of death, is, on the contrary, the first state of the living animal and the foundation of life. It is not a privation, an annihilation; it is a mode of being, a style of existence as real and more general than any other. We exist in this state before existing in any other." Here we are brought face to face with the primary significance of sleep as the elemental sign of life itself. The sleep of inorganic matter is deeper than that of the vegetable, as the latter is deeper than that of the animal. The moment we touch the cosmic sleep we broach creation, and inert matter is seen as "come to itself," having its solvency in terms of life, finding in place of its residual husks its resident spirit.

We are thus prepared to see what is the mighty office of sleep in all life—that of a divine absolution, not as a recurrent phenomenon, but as an eternal fact. Our wakeful business is the loss, and sleep the recovery. In the deeper sense we sleep while we wake—our wakefulness, indeed, being but partial, the white foam upon the deep sea of life; and the special recurrent phenomenon which we call sleep is but a tidal wave moving inland from that sea which we close our eyes to meet. Therefore is sleep associated in our thought with nutrition and growth and with all germinant life. Sleep is characteristic of the ascendent movement in infancy and youth, as wakefulness is of age. The green flame sleeps; it is the flame of increase; in autumn it becomes a consuming flame of many hues—a staring wakefulness.

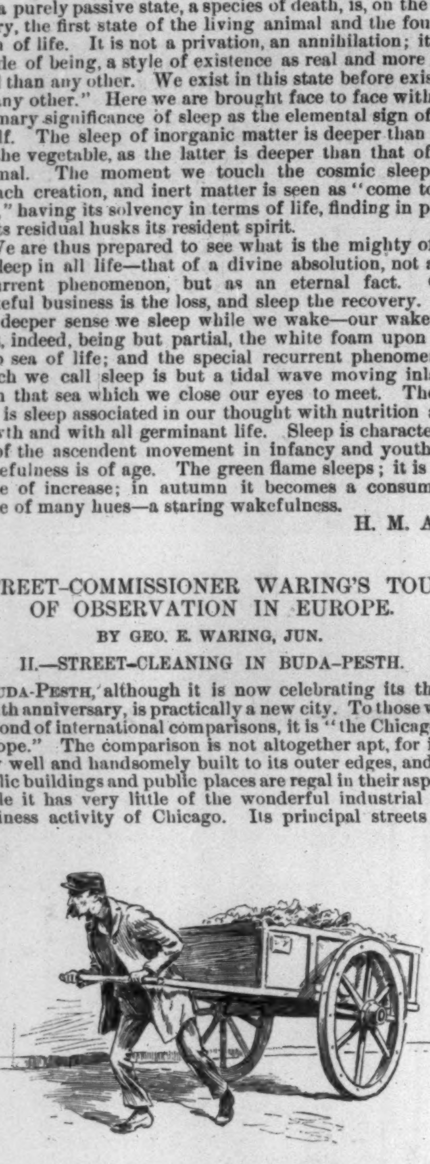
H. M. A.

STREET-COMMISSIONER WARING'S TOUR OF OBSERVATION IN EUROPE.

BY GEO. E. WARING, JUN.

II.—STREET-CLEANING IN BUDA-PESTH.

BUDA-PESTH, although it is now celebrating its thousandth anniversary, is practically a new city. To those who are fond of international comparisons, it is "the Chicago of Europe." The comparison is not altogether apt, for it is very well and handsomely built to its outer edges, and its public buildings and public places are regal in their aspect, while it has very little of the wonderful industrial and business activity of Chicago. Its principal streets are wide and long, and they have stretched out over the level plain with marvellous rapidity. Both towns have grown too fast, and are now feeling the effect in the form of financial lassitude. Here the resemblance stops.



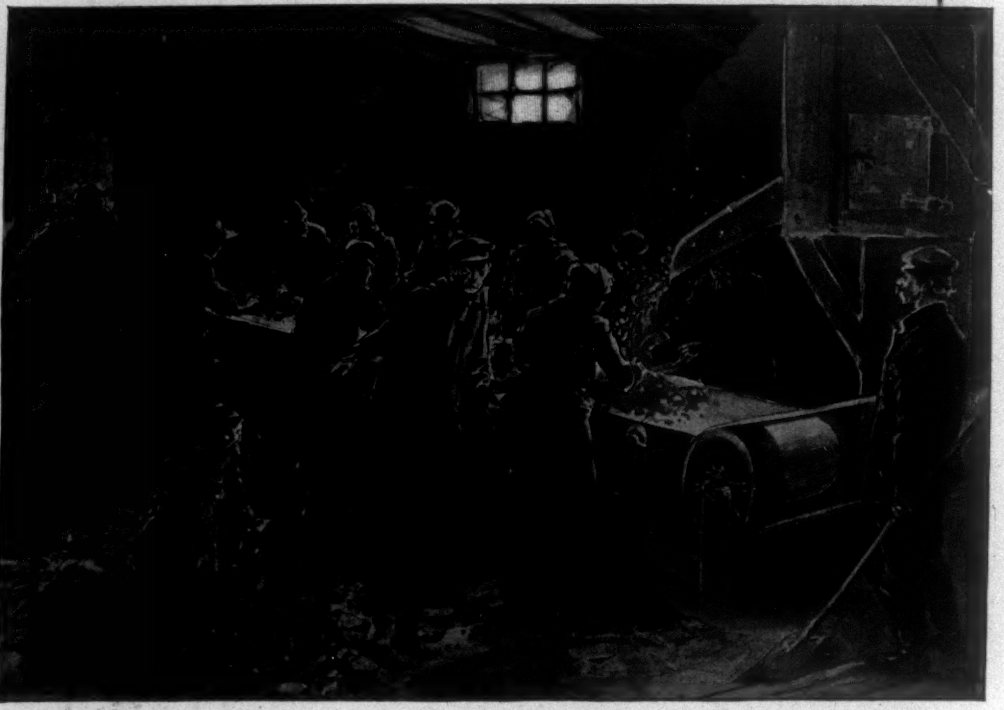
SWEEPER AND CART—BUDA-PESTH.

From the point of view of the street-cleaner, no comparison is possible, for the Hungarian capital is very clean. It is—save in some of its older streets—unusually well paved, where it is paved, and perfectly macadamized where it is not paved. Andrassystrasse, the finest and longest street, is paved with wood, after the best London and Paris model—than which nothing in the world is better, from the street-cleaning and all other points of view.

In the matter of the sweeping of streets and sidewalks and of the collection of household wastes, the methods here are substantially the same as in Vienna, save that the sweepers are active young men and are much more industrious. Other differences are only in details of little importance, except with regard to the cab-stands, which are many and are actively used. These are generally a little lower than the street, are graded to a sewer inlet, and are asphalted. They are swept and thoroughly flushed and scrubbed several times a day, so that the usual odor and untidiness of such places are entirely obviated.

The area of paved streets is equal to about one hundred and fifty miles of New York streets. The cost of snow-removal in the winter of 1895–6 was 160,000 gulden. Wages are one gulden per day. The entire cost for all cleaning, snow-removal, transportation of wastes, and street-sprinkling averages about 800,000 gulden per year.

In the matter of final disposition, Buda-Pesth is very instructive and interesting. Everything is hauled to a station some three miles away. Here the wagons, night-soil vans, etc., are dumped into cars standing in a tunnel under the dumping-platforms. The loaded trains run out about three miles farther, to Kleinpest, a point remote from all population, save for the two hundred and fifty men, women, and children working about the disposal plant. They are a curious community. The works have been in operation for some thirty years, and most of those now employed were born in the "Kehrichtring" (Rubbish Boulevard), as they call their village. They are not an attractive community, and the older members are said to spend most of their wages in drink. Save for the effects of this dissipation, there is little sickness, and it is evidently not in itself an unhealthy industry in which they are engaged.



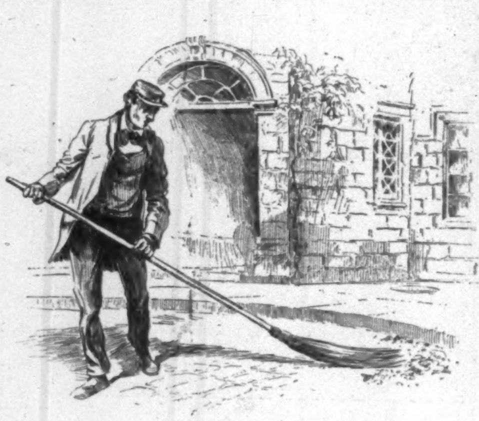
SORTING REFUSE ON A MOVABLE PICKING-TABLE AT THE SEPARATION-WORKS—BUDA-PESTH.

The whole business of final disposition is in the hands of a contractor, who has controlled it for twenty years or more. He is a very wealthy man and a large landholder, whose interest lies largely in the value of the manure for his farms. He owns the dump, the railroad and its equipment, and the separating machinery. He receives from the city 115,000 gulden per year, in addition to the material delivered to him.

After this year his contract will be extended to include the collection in the town and the hauling to the dump; and he is building a branch line to connect his works with the state railroads, to widen the market for his fertilizers. He has, up to this time, made no money profit, but he has had a good supply of manure for home use, and has accumulated enormous deposits which the new railroad connection will enable him to sell.

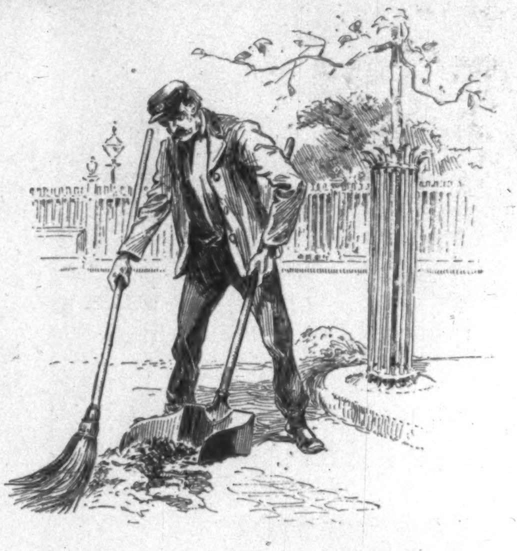
The separation-works were started nearly thirty years ago by Mr. Ignatius Fischer, who was then the contractor. He had more ingenuity and enterprise than capital, and he became the manager of the works under his successor. He is a man of quick intelligence, and has built up, little by little, with the aid of a competent mechanical engineer, and lately of a chemist, a very complete factory for the separation of the wastes and the manufacture of fertilizers, etc. The chemist was for some years with Edison in New York. He is now carrying on successful experiments in the direction of the development of ammonia and other marketable products from certain parts of the refuse. Nearly all of the handling and separation of the material is done by machinery, only the culling out of the saleable wastes requiring manual labor.

The apparatus is contained in a large four-story brick building, with ample steam-power—unsaleable rubbish being the fuel used. The railroad cars are unloaded into small tram wagons, which are hauled by an endless chain from a tunnel under the track up a steep slope to the top of the building, where they are dumped into the mouth of a coarse revolving screen, which holds back large sticks, boxes, old baskets, broken watermelons (this is the land of the best and cheapest watermelons in the world), and other large objects. What passes through the wide meshes of this screen runs into another with a very close mesh. This takes out the dust and the fine horse-manure as ground up by the wheels and the sweepers in the streets, and sends it to the wagons running to the manure dumps. The next screen divides the remaining material, roughly, into two grades, for easier hand-picking.



METHOD OF SWEEPING WITH BIRCH BROOMS, BUDA-PESTH.

The picking-tables, which are very long, are furnished with endless aprons of heavy hemp cloth about two feet wide. These move slowly between two rows of women and children, who select the various treasures to which they are assigned, each after its kind. The white-bottle boy lets the green bottles pass, and the big-bone woman pays no attention to the small bones; these meet their fate further on. One group of children devotes itself entirely to corks, another to nails, another to strings, and so on. As the cloth finally turns over the end of the table it drops all of its rejected material into a conveyer, which carries it to the manure-wagon. In the heap to which it is added there goes on a process of "bacteriolysis" that reduces it all to the condition of a fine compost, fit for the fields. Curiously, to us, no use is made of paper or rags, save as they are required for fuel. The wood-pulp industry and the German tariff on paper stock have robbed them of all commercial value. This, too, in the face of a minuteness of economy that is careful not to let a single old cork escape, although the only sale for the corks is to make fenders for the use of the boats on the Danube. Nothing that has the slightest selling value is allowed to escape, and what cannot be sold in its present form is turned over to the productive industry of the microbes of the compost heaps.



GATHERING REFUSE IN DUST-PANS—BUDA-PESTH.

It seemed to me that these very complete works, developed through years of patient study of the refuse of the saving population of Buda-Pesth, presented food for much thought to one whose official functions compel him to dump outside of Sandy Hook two and a half million cubic yards of the wastes of the wasteful city of New York, where rags and paper sell for a good price. Our conditions are very different from those of Buda-Pesth, and different measures must be taken here, but if we can ever reach the minute economy of the works at Kleinpest, we ought, with our richer refuse and our higher prices, to derive an income from our rubbish sufficient to pay nearly all the cost of running the Department of Street-cleaning. In support of this opinion it is to be said that the recovery and sale of paper, rags, bottles, metals, rubber, wood, coal, bone, grease, corks, strings, shoes, hats, and other things that are thrown away, to the value of half a cent a day for each member of the population, would amount to much more than the whole appropriation for street-cleaning. We may never reach this figure, but the sum total thus to be saved will surely be very large, and the experience of Buda-Pesth is full of promise and instruction for us.

ALTERNATING CURRENTS.

BY ROSINA HÜBLEY EMMET.

IV.

THE village lay sleeping, as usual; and Stella sat in the dry, sweet garden, looking down into the valley. Yesterday she had sat there, silent too, but with a dreaming, unawakened face. To-day a fever intensified her every movement. This had been a day of restless horror to her, and the night had been one passed with wide lids. A sick fear gnawed her. "It is not true—not true," she kept assuring herself, and she had prayed at intervals all day, sending up ignorant appeals.

She was conscious of the hoof-beats of a horse, and of their sudden cessation; without looking, she saw the Englishman jump down and picket the animal. Then he vaulted the low fence and was beside her. She had dreamed of his presence all day, and now that he was here, numbness came. He took her nerveless hand.

"You are here alone," he said—"waiting?"

She bent her head silently, but gave no answer, only a shiver in the midst of the burning heat.

He caught at the outline of her neck and cheek, and the sweep of coarse blue-black hair. A craving was upon him for a tone of the hoarse voice; he read the dumb motion of her body and the fever of her hand.

"Look at me," he commanded.

She turned without a word, and as she looked mutely, he read in her face the clearly written story. That was as he wished. This Englishman, one of a race who conquer, felt his passion to conquer rise, now that the victory was achieved.

He wrapped the girl in his arms, whispering things meant for her alone; and she murmured answers at first, being too moved for the framing of many words. Then, as courage came back, her voice grew stronger and her words impassioned. Her lover held her, and watched with wonder the black sunk eyes, speaking for him alone.

The hoarse voice, deep for a woman, and breaking here and there, but always carrying a thread of the utterly feminine, hummed through him. This was for him, speaking for him vital words which instinct taught her, and which came in torrents.

"Yes, it is best," he whispered—"best, best."

His fair Saxon honor sang approval of his actions, and Marshall's insinuations sank in blackness below vision. Then he extricated himself from the first tangle of emotion and found clear words:

"Stella, we cannot wait."

"I will do as you wish," she whispered.

"Speak louder. I cannot hear your voice."

She raised it. "As you wish—always," she said.

He pressed the black hair. "Say it again."

"Always."

He said, as he held her close, "Together always; swear it now."

His words brought forth a lurking terror.

"You swear it," she whispered. "After this it cannot be otherwise. You swear it, and you could not break your word. It means that you will be faithful always."

He saw that as she spoke insecurity sat on her brow, and he tried to soothe her.

"What can you want with a creature like me?" she only whispered, clinging closely.

Realizing where her fears lay, and speaking calmly to her, he finally succeeded in quieting her. He spoke of marriage, of the necessity of telling her father at once, and of a future passed in the ranch-house on the hill.

"You have a mother?" she asked, suddenly.

He answered in the affirmative, adding, "And a brother and three sisters."

"But no father," she sighed. "You are fatherless, and I am motherless."

He asked whether she remembered her mother, and she only shook her head vaguely, saying, "She died when I was very young."

"She was a Spanish woman," he said; "I know that much. No one else could have given you your nature—your looks—the thing, in fact, that makes you different from any one else."

She faltered and looked down, then started to speak, and was silent.

"What is it?" he asked.

"You said my looks; you think me—"

"Beautiful," he answered, and kissed her on the lips.

The hot afternoon was dying away, and the sullen sun, obscured by the vapor covering the sky, struggled for life. The frogs in the bed of the creek sent forth their ceaseless hoarse cries, and the odorous night crept from behind the hills.

But in spite of the torrid atmosphere the girl could not repress a shiver.

Three days passed before Marshall came home, but Burlsdon was well occupied. They were spent almost entirely with Stella. The first evening circumstances between them were too knotted for unravelling, and only the fact that they loved each other stood out clearly, sinking minor details into inferiority. They sat for a long time in the garden and let the darkness creep on, but it was not till late that the clergyman pulled up his bony mustang at the garden gate and dismounted. Burlsdon met him there, and for a moment there was a strained silence. There never had been any ease between them.

Burlsdon, young and jaunty and well born, in spite of his shabby clothes, was surrounded always by the glamour of aristocracy. At home in England he was but one remove from a title, and this, in the eyes of the shabby clergyman, set the seal of suspicion on the young man. Burlsdon seemed at peace with his present lot; but he was a creature of the moment. Let the face of Fortune show but a change of expression, and he would be ready to follow its dictates. Stella's father knew this, so now, at his own garden gate, in the early darkness of autumn, he was horrified at finding himself confronted by the young Englishman, clasping his daughter's waist. A strained silence followed. Then Burlsdon spoke boldly:

"Forgive me. This seems strange to you, but—but you see how it is."

The older man drew a quick breath, and took in the two faces pearling through the darkness. The acute look in his eyes told that the sight of them was stirring the chords of memory.

"Sir—" he began, but Burlsdon anticipated him.

"Let me speak first, I beg," he said, with an entreating gesture. "I have seen disapproval in your eyes from the first. I have known what you felt, and the knowledge has caused me to blush. In a place of this sort—and the men you must have run up against, and all the rest of it—I understand, I understand. Your fears were perfectly just. But I hope when you come to know me better you will realize that you were mistaken. I love your daughter, sir. It is the right of every man or woman to say that honestly. I want to make her my wife. You know just what I have to offer. I could not be much poorer than I am. I never expect to go back to England. I own just a half-share in everything at the ranch, and that is all. Expectations are too vague to build upon, especially mine. You know very little of me, I admit, but what can I say for myself? I have not done many things to cause me shame. I have always been honest. As to the rest—why, your daughter loves me."

Burlsdon had spoken manly words, not in the faintest degree tinged with British condescension. They were straight and simple, coming from the depths of what was best in him, and appealing to a just man. They were spoken in his native manner, where early youth and energy still lingered, and which held no hint of past concealments. They were stripped of all desire to please, and only stated honest facts unashamed.

Something gripped at the clergyman's sense of justice.

"I believe you honest," he said, involuntarily.

"Then you will agree?" asked Burlsdon, quickly.

The older man looked up unsteadily. "Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"I am satisfied," said Burlsdon.

"I am satisfied," repeated the girl, deeply. Then looking up at her father, she added, "You see, I told you it could not help being," and her eyes, clear and glowing, were unshadowed by doubt.

The sight tore her father's breast in agony. "I must think, I must think," he muttered. "Only give me time."

All that night he was tossed mercilessly among the hideous waves of his past, and the face of a Spanish woman, somewhere in the blackness below the surface, showed him alternately eyes of fierce despair and resigned misery. The sweet hoarse voice which Stella had filched from her mother rang through him and drove him from his bed.

"No, no; let her child at least be happy."

Later, the next day, he gave Burlsdon his consent. There was a furtive look in his eye and passion in his voice, which the Englishman scarcely noticed.

V.

The three days sped away. Two dusky starlight nights saw Burlsdon riding home to his ranch, secure in the certainty of a good step taken, and the assurance of a happy future. For those two days and nights the best in the young man stirred actively, and flooded him with clean thoughts. But the third day flatness came, and the third night was ominously cloudy. It was pitch-black riding home, and the hotness of the air was pierced by a faint thread of wind. He would have had hard work to find the rough road had not his horse been accustomed to the track. Marshall would be at the other end of the ride, and he suddenly realized that he had almost forgotten his sense of fellowship with the older man during these three days.

Marshall would find great changes on his arrival at the ranch-house—Burlsdon on the point of matrimony—and in all probability he would insist on going. The burning valley without Marshall would be intolerable. It struck Burlsdon suddenly that the ranch-house must be fitted somewhat differently to receive a lady. His mind traversed the bare rooms, redolent of tobacco and something stronger, and it came on two slothful figures stretched on reclining-chairs, giving each other snatches of talk which might bring the blush to a lady's cheek. But the lady would be there soon, and Burlsdon saw her image now obscuring his vision. The young man looked over the figure of the girl, and asked himself point-blank why he loved her. Her mind was no soaring thing which prompted him with a desire to bring it down. Her beauty met the required mark, but it was not above it. She was awkward in her movements, and she lacked courage. It must have been her voice, then. But to love only a voice! And a voice harsh and breaking for a woman at that—a voice with all the qualities deemed undesirable! It struck some hidden chord in him and that vibrated there; but was this enough on which to build a citadel of love? What a creature of the moment his infatuation was sinking him into, to drink the notes of a hoarse, stirring voice from moment to moment, and thus to satiate himself!

"Well," he thought, "why not? I take it—I accept it—I dedicate myself. We will live here forever; we are sunk from the responsibilities of the civilized world; I am glad—"

The wind stiffened, and Burlsdon spurred his horse. The increasing wildness of the night was playing havoc with his reckless humor. Here, in the midst of the elements, with the dark sweep of hills around him and the trackless sky above, he was a free man. More, he was a sovereign, for his was a freedom which could not be touched by the petty rules which convention puts upon the world of civilized men. To whom did it matter if he rushed madly through the windy night cursing the life he had been born to, and dedicating himself to an unknown future! The Old World ran smoothly without him, and his final plunge would not so much as send a ruffle to its surface. As he rode he felt that for the last time the question had been put to him, and that the decision had been made.

He reached the ranch-house just as the rain began to fall fiercely, and hurrying in-doors, found Marshall smoking complacently, lounging in his favorite chair. His only greeting to Burlsdon was to push towards him three letters which were lying on the table.

"For you," he remarked. "Stopped as I came through. They've been lying there just three days."

Burlsdon, without an answer, walked to the table, and taking one of the letters, tore it open. The envelope was large and square, with a black edge, and addressed in a flowing feminine hand. Marshall watched the younger man's face. He had his own ideas about these letters, and settling himself in a chair with his pipe, he waited. Burlsdon read the first page, then laid the letter down without a word; a wave of color shot over his face, and he looked full at Marshall. The latter met his eyes, and said, laconically,

"I thought it was that."

Burlsdon did not answer. He took up the letter again and read it through from cover to cover, then, letting it drop to the floor, sank into a chair.

"Dead," he said, mechanically.

"Your brother?"

Burlsdon nodded.

"Well," asserted Marshall, "that's an end of him, we're to suppose. You step in, as I predicted. So much for still being young."

Burlsdon looked up, not quite comprehending. "The shock was a sudden one," he said.

Marshall poured some raw whiskey in a glass.

"Drink that," he counselled; "then read the others."

Burlsdon obeyed mechanically, and ran through both letters swiftly; then looking up, said, simply: "From my mother, my sister, and our lawyer. Died suddenly, without an heir. One of his fads was to live single. It falls on me now." After a pause he added: "We never hit it off. Never had much companionship. But my mother loved me best. She says it here. Why should we hide the truth? She wants me home at once." Another pause and another swallow of whiskey; then he continued: "A man feels sorry when there is nothing to be done about the past. For me it's all future now."

"So it should be," answered Marshall. "I am on the homestretch, but in spite of that I envy you. You were cut out for something better than this."

"Better?" said Burlsdon, getting up and walking restively to the window. "Yes, I suppose so. It is hard to realize."

The rain lashed in torrents against the sides of the house, and occasionally leaped through the crack in the window. Burlsdon stood till his face was covered with fine spray.

"That's good," he murmured, coming back to the centre of the room.

"Sit down," said Marshall, "and talk it over. You'll have to clear out at once."

Burlsdon nodded.

"They say so here. I am needed at home. I see from the date of the letters that it happened almost three weeks ago."

Marshall smoked his pipe reflectively, then remarked, turning casually to his companion,

"I don't suppose you have been making a fool of yourself over there?" He jerked vaguely in the direction of Las Vegas.

The mob of new impressions had swept Burlsdon's mind clean. Now memory and blood rose together.

"Why?" he asked, quickly.

"Because you would be in a pretty funk if you had. You don't want the girl now."

"How do you know what I want?" cried Burlsdon, fiercely.

His voice, his eyes, his sudden convulsive look of perturbation, cried aloud to Marshall. The older man read them in a flash.

"Then you have spoken to her?" he said, quickly.

"I have promised to marry her," came from Burlsdon; "her father consents. It is to take place in three weeks."

"In three weeks you will be in England—"

"With my wife."

"Young fool!" cried Marshall, with a sudden touch of bitterness and amusement. "What are you thinking of? You don't love the girl."

Burlsdon did not answer. He crossed to the window again and looked out at the sweeping rain and darkness. His mind had been jerked rudely from contemplating a wide active future to the shabby little village and the silent Spanish woman. He shook off the thoughts of them, and roamed in the future again.

A man with a stake in life at last, and the great English world waiting to receive him with open arms. He was responsible now for thousands of pounds, and was a part of the gigantic frame-work which formed the pedestal of England's greatness. In the space of five minutes he had been transferred from a careless "ne'er do weel" to an English nobleman. Homage awaited him; wealth, power—above all, responsibility.

This useless, sweltering life in a torrid valley, with no ambitions, no energy, no future, had passed away. "Every man had a right to a future," he cried to himself, and marvelled that he had remained sluggish for so long. The storm beat against the window-panes, crying aloud in its fierce frenzy that it was his right "to live, to live." He realized that he must begin his life afresh, and a groan escaped him.

"Come and sit down," commanded Marshall.

Burlsdon obeyed like a child.

"Now," said Marshall—he deliberately emptied his pipe and laid it on the table—"I have something to say to you. Keep quiet till I have finished, and then comment as you choose. It concerns the clergyman and his daughter. When you spoke seriously of marrying the girl, three days ago, I knew it was madness; but I knew also that the more I opposed you, the sooner you would do it. So I determined to collect some facts and fire them at your head, knowing as I did that you were so deucedly straight cut in ideas of this sort. I have always suspected that there was something gnawing at the guts of the old man. I sized him up for the kind that spends half his life dissipating, and, the other half in repenting. He ruined a good-looking Spanish girl twenty years ago or so, and it's sticking in his throat still. The woman died, I believe, and he took the child, determined to bring her up just as if her presence was sanctioned by a wedding-ring and marriage service. It's no fault of the girl's. I always saw that she had something of the half-breed in her. In most cases I'd say, 'Where's the odds?' But she is not exactly the type to mix your blood with in the production of an heir, I should think."

Burlsdon said nothing, but stared at Marshall blankly; then asked,

"How do you know this?"

"I've heard things that made me suspect it, and when I was in Soldiers Hole I looked the matter up. The old man lived there, and the story was well known."

"So," muttered Burlsdon, sickened—he buried his head in his hands and said nothing. When he looked up, the flush had left his face, and his eyes were haggard.

"What do you advise?" he asked.

"Buy her off."

Burlsdon's eyes shot disgust. "You entirely mistake the girl," he said, quickly.

"I've seen women," answered Marshall. "I've done it myself. They are all of a piece, you'll find."

"Damn you!" cried Burlsdon. He strode up and down the narrow room in desperation. "What's to be done—what's to be done?" he repeated.

In his state of indecision he was as helpless as a child; after a few minutes he sank into a chair beside Marshall, and began to speak.

"God knows I was never meant for this. It has been a misfit from the first. To begin with, I ought to have been the oldest. My brother and I could not get on. It's beastly to say it now, but he was always jealous, and my mother was fondest of me. Then we quarrelled—a contemptible thing for sane men—and I got my back up, and said some things he could not forgive, and he kicked me out. I thought of enlisting, but then I drifted here instead, and met you, and sank and sank, as men will when they've nothing to look forward to; and here I am, called back to be a self-respecting Englishman again, and how can I go?"

He opened his strong brown hands and looked for a minute at the empty palms, then fixed his blue eyes on Marshall.

"What shall I do with the girl?"

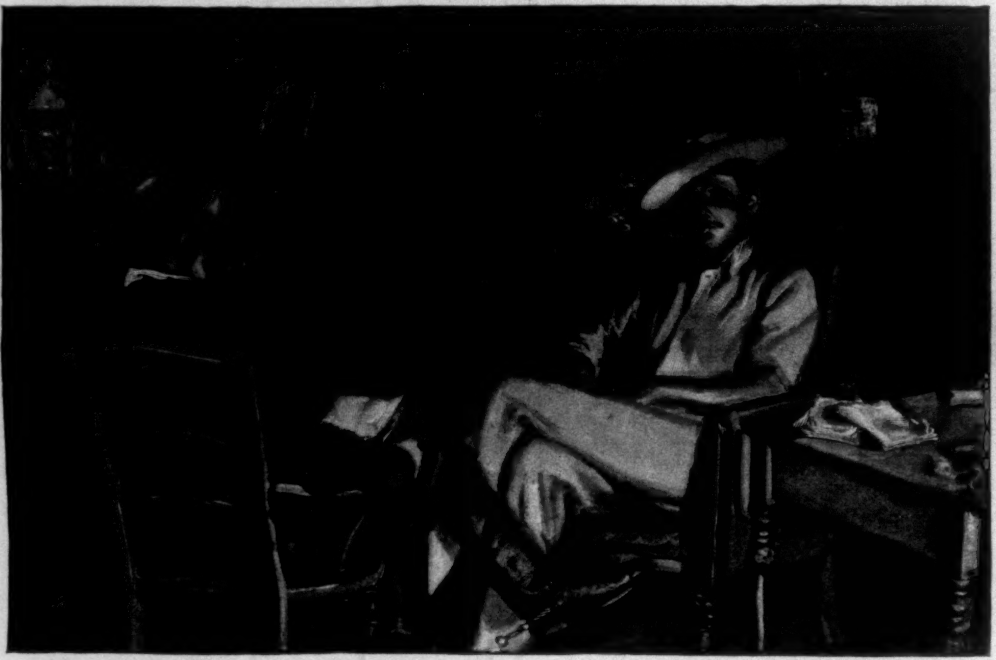
Marshall puffed a few times, and then remarked, "Leave her, I suppose."

Burlsdon sprang to his feet. "Yes, and soil my hands," he said. "They have been clean till now."

The contracted room, with its stifling atmosphere, was sickening. Burlsdon mixed a cough and a groan.

"This is a hell-hole!" he cried, furiously, and disappeared into the shades of the room beyond, where a bunk awaited him—a doubtful sanctuary for a man in his condition. He tossed there through the remaining hours of a sleepless night, with a wandering mind, incapable of reaching any decisions.

Marshall heard him from the outer room, where he sat late, with the flask beside him, and the scraggy hound at his feet. Burlsdon was facing one of the great moments of his life, and the older man could not but stand beside him. The lamp on the table had died down to a thread of light, and it smelt ill. Marshall watched it, and his mind worked madly. All his sneers came back to him, and the open wounds he had inflicted on Burlsdon stared at him, raw and bleeding. He had dealt the wounds, and then had scourged them and probed them—and why? Marshall, alone in the darkness, examined himself, and what he found were only remnants of things—broken ideals, clean impulses turned sour, burned out, decayed, uncontrolled. And he was on the homestretch, he had said—well on in the forties, and a man with nothing to show; and Burlsdon was young, and life was held out to him in its most vivid beauty. He could do what he chose with his life now—make it or break it. Both chances were given. On the one hand was England, and all the tools that insure success to an ambitious man. On the other, a woman—a woman! Marshall stared at the flickering lamp, and thought of all the wrong he had done woman; and this woman had never looked at him; and the whole point of her was her purity, and he had sneered at Burlsdon because he had wished to guard that purity and leave the whiteness of her unblemished. The man without scruples stared at the dying lamp, and let his emotions bear him where they would. As he sat and thought, he was nearer to the truth than he had ever been, for thoughts came to him in the darkness that in the daylight would have brought a blush of false shame to his cheek; and his eyes were misty, all because of a woman's trust.



"I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE BEEN MAKING A FOOL OF YOURSELF OVER THERE?"

The rain continued to pour in torrents into the basin between the hills for the better part of a week, and the two Englishmen were kept prisoners in the ranch-house. Marshall took his confinement quietly, but Burlsdon raged through the narrow rooms with a tempest in his eyes, fighting innumerable unseen foes. He was sinking immeasurably in his own judgment, and he found it to be inevitable that he should do so.

The vows of faithfulness which he had made had damned him in the beginning, and now he would be doubly damned by breaking them. Being a man, he determined that he would go to Stella and put the case before her, be it ever so hard a task; but the gentleman in him, which gave his nature its keenest sensibilities, shrank from the horror of what imagination told him her face would be.

Marshall watched this inward conflict with narrowed lids; and without, the rain struck the roof with ceaseless thuds, and washed through the valley, bending the slight trees double.

Marshall appreciated the slightest twist of Burlsdon's writhing mind, and dwelt upon it with a keen edge of interest. He was fascinated by the sudden development of this embryo. Here lay the secret of the young man's character. The British quality, the absence of which he gloated over, was showing its face at last. It was showing its face and making itself felt. For a long hateful week of rain the two men staid in the narrow rooms, disgusted with each other and the world, both writhing under the subtle spirit of change which was working in Burlsdon. The young man paced the rooms with a sort of fierce despair, wondering what had come to him—trying to accept this changed self. The valley was growing hateful to him, the ranch-house was hateful—above all, the thought of the Spanish woman was hateful. If love had ever been in his heart, it had been uprooted and tossed away by this new spirit of the future that had come to him. If he could only accept the new life with clean hands! But the casting aside of a trusting girl would soil them—and he, an Englishman, must soil the honor which his country claimed as her right.

That was what writhed within him as he was tossed on the hateful waves of doubt—the thought that he was not just as he could wish to be.

Day and night—day and night—followed each other in fleeting succession, and the rain fell. Marshall sat imperturbable and consumed tobacco. And Burlsdon hated him for his silence and narrowed lids, and the thoughts they suggested.

But the week of rain got into the nerves of both, and helped Burlsdon to a decision. One afternoon he was standing by the window watching the rain sweep across the forlorn valley, and it came to him suddenly, as he stood there, that another day of this life would drive him mad. His young physical strength rebelled against the constraint put upon it by the raging elements, and his British pride was unbearably galled by the insistent devil of indecision which was hectoring him from within. Already he was living in the future. His rent-roll was speculated upon, his politics clearly defined, his ambitions firmly embodied—and still this hateful life had claims upon him!

Standing at the window, with his eyes on the valley, he told himself that he must leave it at any price. Even the soiling of his honor—and how small a thing!—a pang inflicted—then freedom! He turned from the window, and something seemed to straighten his carriage and lend an obstinate dignity to his whole bearing. He was young; he was impressed by the gigantic spectacle of himself—a person of importance to the British nation.

"Just beginning to taste blood," said Marshall, as he watched the come and go of Burlsdon's striding figure. He spoke unconsciously, and the restless man stopped.

"What is it?" Burlsdon asked.

"Thinking aloud," was the answer. "Have you come to any decision?"

Burlsdon's mouth grew hard—a rigid line between muscular compressed lips. His face was marked by the determination of a man. The boyish sheen which melted it to softness at other times seemed gone forever.

"I have no choice," he said, briefly. "Everything points in one direction."

"Your honor is especially urgent, I suppose. It points towards—"

"England, duty, patriotism."

His voice was swift, and had caught a sudden fire. It carried Marshall back to the hot dark night when he had said of Stella, "She is a lady—an English woman."

That night the boy's glow had stirred him. Now his lids wandered, and he wrapped himself in the armor a man puts on when he feels his sympathies, sent spontaneously forth, contract at the withering touch of disappointment. A sword entered his heart, and the blade was poisoned.

"So," he told himself, "after all, he had a vulnerable spot within, known as 'dotage,' and another akin to it, known as 'hope'—both felt the touch of the poisoned steel."

He rose and viewed the wind-swept valley, still plentifully watered by the heavens. He saw the hill vineyard gouged away in places by the furious onslaught of driving rain, and the wild tangle of buckeye and madrona trees tossing their thirsting branches in restless confusion. A rift of lights hung like a bar above the eastern hills—it was an ever-widening joint in the black sky, first purely white, soon tinged with tender blue; then, translucent as burning sapphire, it shot forth a shaft of sun, and a dewy rainbow arched the heavens.

The man without scruples or honor watched the shifting clouds take all the shades from purest white to flaming orange. The shaft of sun lay like a streak of liquid gold across the drenching valley. The moaning trees stiffened their limbs, and pausing breathless, took its light. The storm had ended.

Marshall pointed to the misty valley flowing like an opal beneath the rays of sunlight, and said, briefly,

"We are prisoners no longer."

"No, it's over," answered Burlsdon, stepping to the window beside him. He raised the glass, and in leaped the fragrant breath of the coming evening. Standing there with gathered brows, he sketched out his plans.

"I'll ride over the first thing in the morning," he said. "I'll see her—soonest done, soonest over." Something like a groan broke through the forming of his words.

"And then?"

"And then, England. Good-by to this valley." His face beamed a broadside of anticipation. "Life is a game of chance, after all," he muttered. Then added, "We've pulled well together."

On the advice of Marshall he sought his pillow early that night, but whether he slept or not is another matter. From a reclining chair near an open window Marshall watched the swift darkness fly. The square patch of black sky, radiant with stars, held his eyes, and the narrow scruples which had made his experience in life comparatively broad sang through him in a shrill falsetto. He heard Burlsdon toss his limbs in the next room, and sighed for the lost banner of honor and chivalry which had been upheld by such reckless gallantry only a week ago!

Burlsdon rose early next day, fagged and aching from a sleepless night, but the splendor of morning revived him. It was a day of turquoise skies, with foamy clouds momentarily obscuring the sun's face, and the odors of wet earth steaming towards heaven. He went straight at the nasty business of the day, without a complaint, which he knew would be useless. As he was about to mount his pony, he came on the scraggy Scotch hound shivering against the ground, but asking for notice with pleading eyes and tremulous whines. He stopped and stroked her head kindly.

"She's yours," he said, turning to Marshall. "Keep the poor Lady." But his own words smacked of the duty he had before him, and he mounted hastily. As he rode away, Marshall called after him:

"Go by the valley. The grade over the hill won't be passable."

He looked back and nodded, then pulled off his hat and let the fresh wind play with his fair hair. Marshall watched the slim upright figure ride away.

He rode away, but with each beat of the horse's hoofs his heart sank lower. Just when manhood and honor held out tempting promises for his taking he must sully himself. Life and its possibilities hung around him this morning, and the palpitating air breathed of the breath of young England's future. But he was held down by this same germ of self-contempt, a thing which he had bartered for, and now must lose by. Put off the evil moment! He stood where the roads separated, one continuing on through the valley, the other a steep grade winding around the hill, and double the distance.

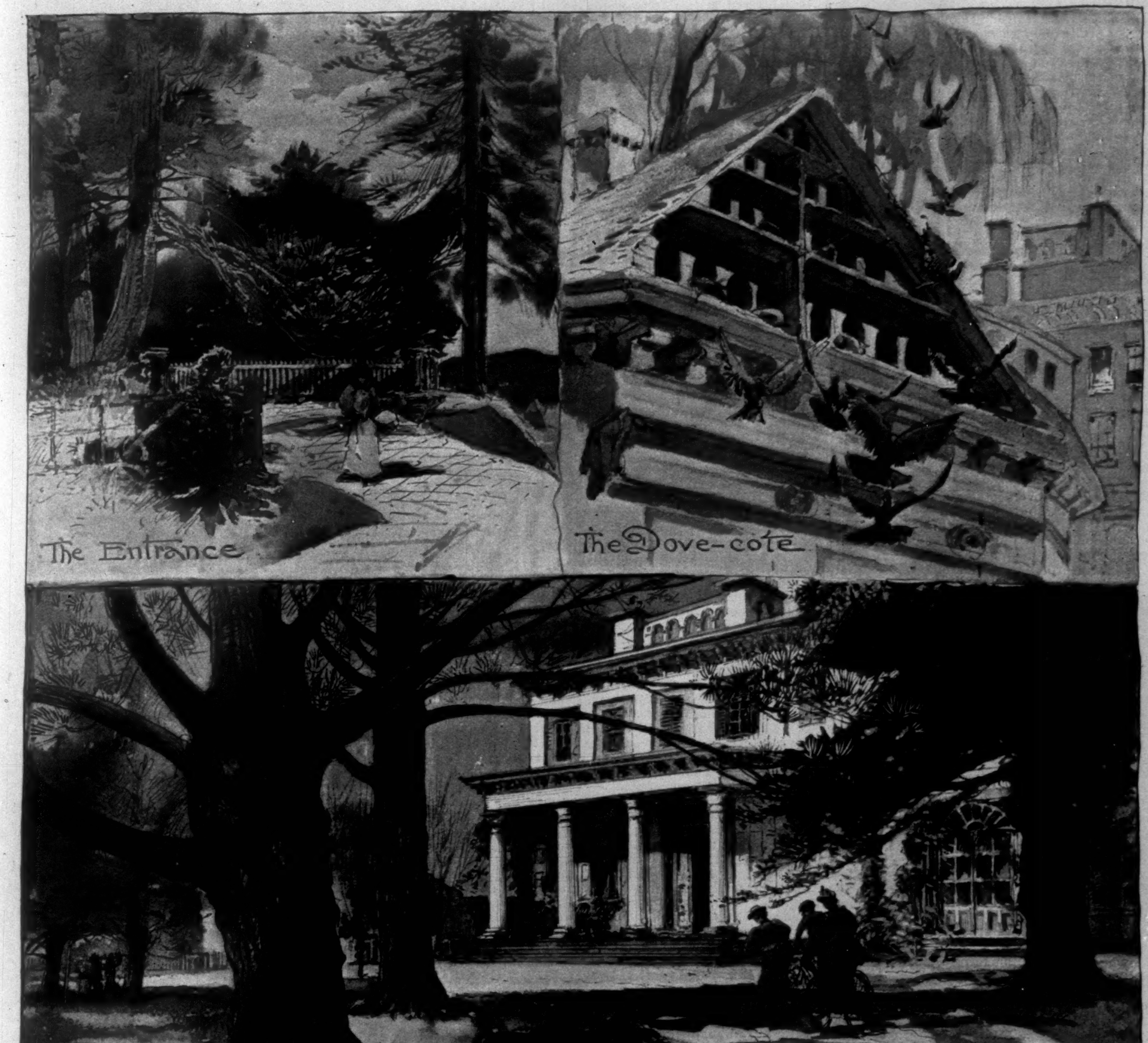
He sneered at Marshall's warning of danger, and danger now would be acceptable to him. Let him feel the spice of danger to give him courage for what he was about to do. He turned his horse's nose towards the grade. The good beast pulled up the heavy road, a sheer precipice on the one side, on the other a towering wall of soaked earth and red rock. It coiled around the swelling breast of the hill, and finally from a height where gigantic buzzards perched Burlsdon turned and saw the valley lying like a jewel beneath him. The road was slippery and narrow, and in places great pieces of earth had been washed away; but Burlsdon was reckless, and turning in his saddle to look back, let the pony pursue its course alone.

He was reckless. He saw the ranch-house in the distance, a speck of white; he saw the valley lie silently beneath it; and above, the blue vault of heaven mocked him in its unshadowed splendor. He was a man! He was an Englishman! And he deserved the fulness of life. But a hoarse voice cried aloud to him that he had wronged her, and it checked the flow of his ecstasy with its shrill, discordant note. He moved angrily in his saddle. The pony started with a frightened cry. They had turned abruptly, and were on the brink of a precipice, where the road had been washed entirely away, and the slipping earth was giving beneath the pony's feet. The Englishman saw the danger, and jerked his reins with a sharp cry, but it came too late. Precipice, heavens, and the glory of early morning were blended; into one the earth fell like a substanceless shadow, and the spectre of death laid its fingers on his breast.

For several days the hills kept their secret, but the untiring efforts of Marshall broke through its seal, and the body was found.

Marshall found it, and in the discovery he saw as well the shattered fragments of at least one of the young hopes of England. But that this ghastly thing should be the remnants of manhood! Fallen to nothing just on the eve of striking! It flashed through the mind of the man without scruples that for this reason the crescent of life had been left spotless.

There was a funeral service over the inanimate thing in the rude English church, and afterwards it was laid away, and a mound of clean earth marked the spot. Marshall determined to leave the valley; but one of the hidden chords of sentiment which sometimes moved within him


The Entrance
The Dove-cote
The East front.
The South front

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S FUTURE HOME, AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.—DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.—[SEE PAGE 1226.]

drove him back to the lonely grave the day before his departure, just to give a useless look at the thing. It was another day of blue light and rushing clouds, the air sweetening on the drawing in of each fresh breath, and the surrounding hills touching a sapphire sky. He paused on the edge of the rough cemetery to look. Over the fresh-made grave hung Stella. She was mute, as she had been when she sat in the garden and looked into the valley. Her chin was pitched high, and the under lids held back her tears; but her look was all tears, and the eyes shed long repressed rays of light.

It was the face of one who has thirsted, and then possessed, and then lost, but in the loss is still possessor. It was a look which told of faith and trust unutterable.

Marshall turned slowly and tiptoed away. She had seen him, but was unmoved. The heat of tenderness which had glowed within him was transferred from the dead to the living, and as he rode through the valley a conflict worked within. Was it just that this woman should go through life worshipping an idea?

THE END.

NEW YORK'S SECOND ANNUAL LIVE-STOCK SHOW.

Never before in this country has there been such an exhibit of animals as was made at the second annual live-stock show, which closed a week ago Saturday at the Madison Square Garden, New York. The "blue ribbons" of all the State fairs, the great features of the breeders' year, were entered, and competed for the liberal prizes offered by the Madison Square Garden Company. While the small attendance was discouraging, it can in a great degree be ascribed to the lack of "ring features," as they are called. In other words, there was a decided absence of such entries as would contribute to the "circus" end of the show. Apparently an exhibit of cattle, sheep, and swine, even though of the highest quality, is not sufficiently attractive to draw a large crowd in New York.

In many details of arrangement the show was an improvement over that held a year ago. The annex in which the pigs were stalled made room on the main floor for one hundred head of cattle around the ring, instead of requiring all to be kept downstairs. Representatives of each breed were placed in these stalls from early in the morning until the show closed at night. Large cards were placed at the heads of the stalls, giving the names of the breeds of cattle occupying them, affording the public an opportunity to study the comparative characteristics of the different varieties. This placarding was also done on the sheep and swine pens, but it was a sad oversight on the part of the management that no cards were placed on the stalls and pens with numbers corresponding to those in the catalogue. No one could distinguish the individual animals, what classes they were entered in, or to whom they belonged. The catalogues were practically useless in the hands of the general public.

The parades of the different breeds of cattle in the ring every evening, the prize-winners wearing the ribbons which had been awarded them, were instructive and educational.

The ring was much larger than necessary for either the judging or the parades, and a large ring comparatively empty is anything but attractive to an audience. The greater part of the ring space could have been better utilized by cattle booths with animals of the same breed in each booth, by attractive exhibits of pheasants and fancy poultry (a department sadly missed this year), and by well-arranged exhibits of fruits and vegetables and grains and grasses. In fact, the nearer it can be made to approach a general agricultural show, the more pleasing it will be to the public. Another feature which can be wisely introduced is a complete dairy show, including a working dairy where competitive butter and cheese making can be carried on during certain hours of the day.

In no better way can the public be educated to the value of pure foods. This department, thoroughly planned in all its details, will prove interesting to every visitor as well as to the breeders of dairy cattle, who are naturally desirous of presenting the best and most economical way of handling their dairy products, as well as the most appetizing method of presenting them to the public.

In connection with the fat-stock exhibit there should also be a "block test." The fat cattle and fat sheep could then be judged the first day of the show, slaughtered immediately afterward, and their carcasses exhibited in large glass refrigerators. The prizes would then be awarded on the carcasses, using, as a basis for judgment, the greatest amount of the most valuable cuts of meat. Such an exhibit would prove interesting and instructive not only to the visiting public, but also to the breeders and feeders.

It is well known what feedstuffs have certain effects in placing the fat and lean meat in the carcasses. Corn and some other carbonaceous foods give a preponderance of fat appearing in lumps well separated from the lean, while linseed meal and other nitrogenous food make a carcass with the fat and lean properly distributed. "A streak of lean and a streak of fat" make the juiciest and sweetest meat.

The breeders of the country are very anxious to see the show a success, as they have already learned the advantages which New York offers as a market. The butchers of New York are willing to pay, and in fact do pay, a larger price for well-fed cattle, sheep, and swine than can be obtained in any other city in the United States. All the fat stock sold brought prices highly satisfactory to the breeders. Besides this, the sales of breeding-stock by the exhibitors amounted to thousands of dollars. There is no better market than New York for thoroughbred stock, and there is no show given in this country at which a person has such an opportunity to select the best animals. It is at just such shows as these that the leading breeders of England, from the Queen and the Prince of Wales down to the tenant-farmer, select most of their breeding-stock for each year's use.

The majority of our large country places to-day are owned by men who have accumulated money in different business enterprises, and they are all to a greater or less extent interested in breeding. Most of them are anxious to have the best, but very few have any personal knowledge of the different points which go to make up a good animal, and they are therefore compelled to depend on their managers in the selection of their herds. Some of these managers will not buy without large commissions; and many of them, in purchasing animals for foundation stock, are penny wise and pound foolish. A show like the one just past affords every one an opportunity to learn the desirable and undesirable points in the make-up of an animal. Defeat in competition leads to the purchase and production of better stock, and a constant demand for the best justifies the purchase of breeding animals at higher figures. The use of better sires from year to year not only leads to the production of some individuals of superior merit, but also increases to an enormous extent their average quality.

An exhibition of agricultural machinery in motion would be an important adjunct to the show, would enable the farmers and breeders to learn the value of many new labor-saving instruments, while the visitor would learn how much easier the life of the farmer is at present than in the old days. As an instance, the machine now used in the wheat-fields of the West not only cuts, binds, and threshes the wheat, but weighs, bags, and ties the mouth of the bag ready for hauling to market. When one looks at this marvellous invention of American genius it is hard to realize the old back-breaking days when all the grain was cut by hand. On the other side, in no place in the country could the manufacturers of machinery better convince the public of the value of their machines. This takes a little work, but it will be done properly with the next year.

An article on the show would not be complete without some reference to the business enterprise and sportsmanship of Mr. F K. Sturgis, president of the Madison Square Garden Company, whose hearty encouragement has enabled the breeders to have this annual exhibition, which I am sure will prove ultimately a great success alike to breeder and management. An association will be formed, and the third annual show will be given the last week in November, 1897. G. Howard Davidson.

THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

SOME NOTES ON THE AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

The autumn show at the Academy is necessarily a minor affair. The artists reserve their best work for the spring exhibitions, and such pictures as are sent in at the present time are either the work of very young and inexperienced painters, or trifles contributed by the older contingent. Then there are always the productions which seem to belong to the autumn Academy for no other reason than that they must be shown somewhere, sooner or later, and the juries upon other occasions are apt to be too strict. Certainly the present display is not inspiring. The galleries are filled with nearly three hundred and fifty pictures, but from this number a large proportion would have to be deducted before a survey of the collection as a whole could yield substantial satisfaction.

Such satisfaction as the spectator may this season expect is to be derived from a handful of clever figure pieces or studies of heads, and a slightly larger group of landscapes. The latter, indeed, provide, as always, the most agreeable experiences. For example, there is the little autumn scene by Mr. Kotz, in the south gallery. It may not be very striking, it is small in scale, and, on the whole, the artist has done more important and better things. But the truth, the poetic truth which belongs to his art, is in evidence here, and the woodland fragment leaves a singularly effective impression. Nearly all the good landscapes are by men like Mr. Kotz, who are to be placed in the younger wing of the American school. One veteran, Mr. R. C. Minor, is present in a characteristic "Moonrise in the Adirondacks"; and by this time perhaps Mr. Bogert should be reckoned among the more mature exemplars of landscape art. His "Sketch, Manomet, Massachusetts," marks one of the freshest and freest notes in the show. Then there is Mr. Gay's wide panoramic view, his tawny "Mother Earth," with its noble horizon-line but somewhat heavy foreground. That is a generally veracious and a dignified production. But from these it is necessary to turn to the work of men whose work is newer—to Mr. Blaney, in his "Birches," a canvas full of good color and admirably lighted; to Mr. Metcalfe, in his "Morning on the Loing," with its finely rendered atmosphere; and to the delicate, captivating Japanese landscape which Mr. Weldon sends. The "Golden-Rod" of Mr. King, vivaciously painted in an attractive key, has a feeling of spontaneity which is pleasant to greet. Acceptable if not remarkable landscape-work is shown by Mr. Howe and Mr. Cauldwell. Of anything in this province of art that is especially poetic, the exhibition is, in the main, innocent. Mr. Snell's "On Grand Manan" has a hint of emotional subtlety in it, and the two Barbisonesque sketches from the brush of Mr. Frederick B. Williams are more poetic than original or veracious; but these three, with Mr. Minor's moonlit canvas, are the only efforts of an imaginative sort that the walls reveal, and together they do not make a very imposing group.

Few compositions of much merit adorn this exhibition. The best figure-work has been done in single figures, sometimes in portraiture or in "fancy" heads, such as the brisk, rather ill-colored "Study of a Head," by Mr. Wiles. Mr. Walsh has displayed some cleverness in this field. His "Girl in White" is flowingly painted, and the color is in good taste. He has provided an attractive pendant in his "Lady in Yellow," a picture which possesses the same merits, and gives the same impression of his having something still to learn. At any rate he proves that it is worth while for him to learn more. Capable execution, which is to say some skilful daughtsmanship and some firm, expressive brushing, will be found in the "Portrait of Mr. L.," by Mr. Fromkes, in Mr. Von der Lancken's "Eugénie," in the two portraits by Miss Thaw, and in Mr. Naegele's panels. The last, by-the-way, illustrate a revival of an old idea, that of painting the figure solidly against a background of natural wood, the grain of the panel supplying a pretty decorative effect. Mr. Naegele has done numerous portraits in this style, some of them better than the two he sends to the Academy; but both of these latest contributions are presentable, and confirm an approving judgment upon his talent. It is not a talent of great magnitude. So far as it goes, however, it is conciliating. At the other end of the south gallery, in the place of honor, hangs a large portrait of a young lady by Mr. W. R. Leigh. This attracts attention as perhaps the most elaborate canvas of its kind in the show, but it does not hold the visitor long. The painting is big but empty, conscientiously painted, but with no force in it to touch the imagination.

The remaining figure-work of more or less interest is speedily traversed. Two military pictures by Mr. Gaul and Mr. Ditzler respectively merit an allusion to their animation and good technical qualities. The Oriental picturesqueness of Mr. Bridgman comes to the front in two designs, noticeable for softer tone than is usual with him. A nude study by Miss Mixer detaches itself from its surroundings as above the average of the immature work with which it is to be grouped. An interior study, "Making the Pudding," by Mr. Francis C. Jones, has color and sprightliness. Miss Macomber's "Temperance," a graceful decorative piece of symbolism, has an element of tender feeling which excuses its halting workmanship; and the "Eel-Spearer" of Miss Trask, the hunting scene by Mr. Amling, are both intelligent, skilfully painted things. With these, and with Mr. Verbeek's quaint little panel, "Enchantment," our swift glance at the Academy exhibition may be closed. It is a show about which not much is to be said in praise, but in which a number of interesting pictures may be found. It remains on view until the 19th of this month.

A POSSIBILITY.

From "Rhymes of Future Times."

'Twas in October of the year of nineteen ninety-eight.
I left my home to make a trip out to the Golden Gate.
I saw the vast Yosemite, the Rockies with their goats,
And on the painted desert filled up many a book of notes.

But strangest of all things to greet me on that Western tour,
The strangest thing in any land I'm very, very sure,
Was when in great Nebraska for a day I paused to rest,
And heard a disembodied voice go hurtling through the West.

'Twas heard by night, 'twas heard by day, incessant, strong, and loud,
As though some agitator stood before some list'ning crowd.
It spoke, and spoke, and spoke, and spoke, and spoke, and spoke, and spoke,
Nor ever paused to breathe a spell or perpetrate a joke.

And when I asked my guide to tell me all about the freak,
He said it was a thing of which he did not like to speak,
Because I was an Eastern man, and yet he had to tell,
Because, like many an Eastern man, I'd paid him rather well.

"That voice," said he, "one hundred years has spouted without rest.
It is no maudlin echo, as you possibly have guessed;
But 'tis the voice of one who half a century ago
Had yielded up the ghost and left this world of sin and woe."

"And who?" said I unto my guide. "I prithee tell to me
Who was this man who was possessed of such vocality."
"A man," said he, "who, while he lived to eighty or thereat,
Was never known except as the 'Boy Speaker of the Platte.'

"And we who live here in the West would like it much if you
Could give some hint of how we folks, so full of woe and rue,
Can rid ourselves of these strange sounds that agitate our ears,
That fill the base with joyousness, the good with nameless fears."

But I, alas, could give no hint to that poor Western guide,
Who in his very helplessness then sat him down and cried.
Relief may some time come to him in centuries anon,
But now, like John Brown's soul, that voice goes still a-marching on.

John Kendrick Bangs.

MR. CLEVELAND'S FUTURE HOME.

President Cleveland seems to have made a practical solution of the question, "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" He has purchased a house in a university town, and, in half-retirement, will spend the balance of his days in that most delightful of all "atmospheres," the atmosphere of an American college town. The house Mr. Cleveland has selected is what is known as the Slidell estate in Princeton. It is a large roomy place of about five acres, dotted with large pine-trees. The house is a plain structure of the Colonial style, two and a half stories tall, with a peaked roof, and with porches on three sides. The house is within three minutes' walk of the Princeton campus. It was built in 1854 by Commodore Stockton. The land belonged to the Stockton family from the time it was purchased from William Penn until a few years ago, when it came into the possession of Mrs. Slidell, from whom Mr. Cleveland purchased it. The price is said to have been about $40,000.

When General Harrison retired from the President's office he associated himself with university work to some extent by giving a notable series of lectures at Leland Stanford University in California. During his two terms of office Mr. Cleveland has frequently attended college functions of importance, his latest appearance of note being at the sesquicentennial of Princeton University.

By deciding to spend his days in a university town Mr. Cleveland will escape the noise and bustle of city life, and will have an opportunity to enjoy the cultured society of an educational community. Princeton has the advantage of being situated midway between two of our largest cities, and within easy access of each. Mrs. Cleveland is said to have favored Princeton as a future home because of its refined life, and also because of the attractions it offers in rearing a family. Mr. Cleveland is said to have preferred that college community to any other because it was there that his father was fitted for the ministry, and the associations and also the tendencies of thought at Princeton are said to be congenial to him. The Princeton home of the Clevelands will probably be remodelled exteriorly. It is distinctively an old-fashioned house. A wide hall through the centre cuts the house in two. The interior is bare of decoration, and the exterior is plain. It is a house, however, which will be susceptible of pleasing decoration and attractive architectural changes. The Cleveland family will probably live there from October to June of each year, going to their summer home, Gray Gables, on Buzzards Bay, for the rest of the year.

EVOLUTION.

Without, across the dreary plain,
  Marring my cozy den's repose,
I hear the whirlwind and the rain—
  That bring the perfect summer rose.

R. K. M.

BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD.

The prodigious labors of one of the most illustrious of American scientists were closed by the death, in Cambridge, on November 26, of Professor Benjamin Apthorp Gould. He began life as an infant prodigy, and may fairly be said to have kept pace with his early promise through all his seventy-two years. It is told of him that he was a good reader when three years old, that he made a version of an ode of Horace at five, and that at ten he wrote and delivered a lecture on electricity which proved to be a well-considered discourse. He graduated from Harvard in 1843, at the age of nineteen, spent a year as master of the Roxbury Latin School, and then went to Europe, where he spent four years in study, and especially in the study of astronomy, under Gauss at Göttingen, and Arago in Paris. While abroad he formed friendships with the most noted European scientists, with many of whom he maintained relations as long as they lived. Returning home, he found employment in the United States Coast Survey, to which his labors were of high value. While in this service he was among the very first to put the electric telegraph to astronomical uses. Between 1855 and 1858 he organized the Dudley Observatory at Albany, and introduced the system which gave New York its time.

In 1868 he was called by the Argentine Republic to come to that country, establish an observatory, and busy himself with the astronomy of the southern hemisphere. After procuring the necessary apparatus in Europe, he went with his family to Buenos Ayres, established a well-equipped observatory at Cordova, and remained from home until 1885, during which time he made a complete catalogue of the stars of the southern heavens—an immense work, done almost unaided. After completing other scientific labors of great value, he came home and spent the last ten years of his life in Cambridge, where, still active in his calling, he resumed the publication of the *Astronomical Journal* (the first published in this country), which he had maintained at his own cost from 1847 to 1861.

Dr. Gould was greatly honored wherever in the world there were scientists capable of appreciating the value of his labors and his sacrifices in the prosecution of them. He was a distinguished member of many scientific societies both at home and abroad, and won the earthly immortality which belongs to great scholars whose toil is too fruitful to be forgotten.

THE RIVER-FRONT OF A WESTERN CITY.

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING.

The Western river-front—where is it? Uncertain, elusive, shifting, it may even change its whole location without notice, and leave the erstwhile river-town miles back in the country. At best it leads the pursuer a will-o'-the-wisp dance; in summer, down the steep levee, down the shelving sand bars, down into a tiny channel where the semi-amphibious small boy can hardly wet his back as he swims; in winter, up the high terrace, back through flooded streets, back through the tributary valley until, miles from the stream itself, its sullen backwater stands over market gardens and around houses, or laps the railroad track and dares the baffled locomotive to take the plunge.

For the most part, however, the cities must of necessity be built upon ground beyond the reach of even the highest floods; for far the larger part of the year, too, the river is wholly within its banks, and the river-front proper includes only the immediately bordering ground—subject, indeed, to occasional overflow, but too valuable to be on that account wholly abandoned.

Below it a steep bank slants to the water; above it the streets rise gradually to the main quarter of the city, and eventually clamber as best they may up the bordering river hills, the houses following in a wild scramble, until all perch breathlessly and dizzily at the top.

Along the edge of this strip, just where the ground plunges down the last terrace to the river-bed, cluster all the interests and industries which depend wholly upon the river; and in spite of the distinguished Senator who derided the river as being "frozen up half the year and dried up the other half," these interests are important, for the great natural waterway can never be wholly supplanted by the artificial roadways of steel.

For very many towns the river, uncertain though it be, is still the only available high-road to the distant greater world; to even the large railroad cities through which it flows it can so much more cheaply supply their coal, their timber, their stone, and many other necessities, that they have grown to depend upon it almost absolutely, and any long suspension of navigation causes almost as much embarrassment as if railroads did not exist.

In all such cities the centre of river life is in the public landing—a broad (usually paved) slope, leading down from the point most generally accessible even in high water to the furthest limits reached by the receding water at the lowest ebb. It may be flanked at either end by venturesome buildings, which hold an insecure occupancy of the bank at the expense of frequent duckings, but the main slope of the landing is unbroken by any obstacle to the advance or the receding of the great wharf-boats which lie at its foot. Huge hulls these are, flat-bottomed, housed over, and pierced on the outer side by gangways, through which the steamer, tied up alongside of them, can receive or discharge passengers and freight. From the inner side of the wharf-boat extend sundry "stages"—swinging-bridges—hinged to the gunwale of the boat, and resting at the far end on the shelving bank, and over these the great transfer-wagons rumble in, the roustabouts' trucks roll and clatter, and the passengers stream as the boat lands or the hour for departure approaches.

The wharf-boat is held to the bank by huge cables and heavy chains, generally strong enough to bear the tug of the current at its clinging steamers, the wrench or jar of an unskilful pilot in making a bad landing, or the blow of a swirling ice-field.

To prevent being pushed high and dry on the bank it is held off by a "spar" at the head—a stout timber thrust against the bank, and pushing taut against the pull of the lines.

As the river rises the spar is hauled and reset higher up the bank, the lines being shortened proportionately at the same time; as it falls the lines are lengthened, and the craft pushed farther out with the spar. Woe to the boat whose careless watchman lets her ground on a falling river! As soon as the support of the water is withdrawn, if the bottom be at all irregular, she will be hopelessly twisted, or even broken in two.

In the larger cities the line of wharf-boats may stretch a thousand or fifteen hundred feet long—lying thus balanced, an ingenious substitute for wharves in a situation where wharves would be impossible.

Within them are huge piles of freight, accumulated for transfer to the expected steamer, or just unloaded from an arriving packet and waiting distribution. Outside lie the steamers—strange-looking craft to Eastern eyes, though well adapted to their peculiar service. Across the decks sounds the gruff shouting of the mates, directing a gang of roustabouts (cargo-handlers), almost always negroes, and, like the Western mule, supposed to be amenable only to profanity, which the average mate cultivates as a fine art. Outside of this, again, is a sweep of yellow water, tracked by a harbor tug, or perhaps by a passing tow of barges—flat, square, open hulks, loaded almost to the water's edge with coal from Pittsburg or Kanawha mines. They are lashed firmly together, and to the pushing steamer behind which drives them along, its low guards seemingly dipping to the water, its great stern-wheel dragging up half the river after it in a foaming cascade, and the long regular snorting exhaust of the high-pressure engine bellowing across the stream and re-echoing from the hills.

The edge of the landing is likely to be fringed by rows of decrepit buildings, known by some such euphonious name as "rat" or "sausage" row. They are mouldy and out of plumb from frequent submergences, and for the most part given over to occupancy as junk-shops or by the negro roustabouts. As a higher level is reached the frontage is occupied by hotels catering to river trade, by coal-gaugers' offices and ship-chandlers ("boat stores," they are called inland), and miscellaneous interests connected with river traffic. Above these, again, are tobacco warehouses, wholesale and commission houses, and the usual business quarter of the "bottoms."

Up and down stream from the public landing the river-front is given over to industries dependent on river transportation. The most striking are the coal-elevators—grimy black piles, perched on top of the bank, below which cluster a group of hulking barges moored to an open wharf-boat or "landing." Gangs of rough laborers, whose original color is lost under a thick layer of black dust, are at work in the barges shovelling the smaller coal or heaving the lumps by hand into a row of iron dump-cars. As each of these is loaded it is whirled away up an inclined track by winding engines (in local parlance, "niggers") at the top. There it runs out on to a trestle and dumps the coal into bins for wagons, or on to yard piles for more permanent storage.

A boss directs the workmen and signals to the engineer in the elevator with wild cries; the rapid exhaust of the "niggers" splutters above, and the iron cars clank down the hill and rattle across the sliding bridge on to the wharf-boat. When night-work is under way, on the corners of the barges are set burning rosin-baskets, whose flaring light gleams again in the murky water below, and waves and flickers behind the uncouth silhouette of passing shovellers and truckers. At the modernized elevator, however, the electric light glares and blinks instead; and the shovellers are replaced by a "digger"—a huge crane with a claw hand which dips into the barge, grasps a ton at a time, and swinging over, drops it into the waiting car or hopper.

Great saw-mills, too, are here, with a raft or boom of logs floated down from the tributaries, which in turn receive them from mountain streams. Lumbermen with poles and cant-hooks bring the logs to the incline, up which they are hauled to the buzzing, screaming saws above; and in every available intervening space is the landing of some dealer in sand, stone, tile, or almost anything else which can be cheaply floated down and hauled up the bank for the supply of the all-consuming city.

Here and there great bridges stretch overhead, echoing with the roar of passing traffic, the clang of trolley-car gongs, or the rumble of trains. As the limits of the city are approached the line of wharf-boats becomes more interrupted; railroads creep to the edge of the bank, and spread along it the parallel and diverging lines of their bulk-freight yards. The inclined track of a "river and rail transfer" slips down into the water, and alongside of it lies a great cotton-steamer, unloading bale after bale into the freight-cars, which are run down opposite her gangways or stages.

Boat-builders occupy some vacant stretch, setting up their blocking, and building on it a hull, which, when finished, will be left for a rising river to float, or, more probably, launched sideways into the stream. Groups of shanty-boats cluster on the bank or at the water's edge. In protected bends, out of the sweep of the current or the run of the ice, are coal-harbors, where scores or hundreds of barges lie massed together waiting use or removal. Around them hover their constant attendants, the pump-boat, creeping from barge to barge, and with its steam siphon or pumps sucking out the leakage or rain-water, and the harbor tow-boat, taking loaded barges up to the elevators and bringing back the empties.

Here lies a huge raft, too large to be accommodated at the mill-landing; there, a steamer is tied up awaiting reopening of trade, or is hauled out on ways for repairs. A show-boat tarries for a while and flits again, carrying its disreputable atmosphere to some other locality.

As distance from the city increases, pleasure-resorts begin to stretch along the bank—the Coney Islands and Manhattan Beaches of the West; less extensive and expensive than their Eastern prototypes, but otherwise neither better nor worse than they.

Finally the houses die away; the bank rises naked and bare, or clothed with willows and fringed with sycamores. Here and there an ice-pier rises solitary, or a government dyke juts into the current, but the river-front has lost its living interest.

It has other aspects too—in February, for instance, when the current often swells over the bank, turning the lower streets into canals, whose muddy waters lap into and out of the vacated stores, while curious "skiff-riders" peer into second-story windows. Sometimes, too, the heavy coal smoke, which always stretches away in a long band over the hills, will settle down, and mingling with the fog, will blot out everything in a thick murk, through which come hoarse wails of bewildered steamers.

But, after all, the centre of life and individuality lies in the public landing, particularly (if it be a terminal port) about the time of early evening, when most of the steamers leave.

They lie clustered at the wharf, white-painted, with low wide guards almost without sheer, running out broad and blunt in the bows and stopping short at the high blank stern. A square glass-enclosed pilot-house is perched high behind the crested funnels, from which smoke rolls in a thickening cloud; the bell and whistle sound dismal warnings to tardy passengers; the long gangway-stage swings over the bow like a raised drawbridge; then, as the sun glitters along the water from the west and the shad-

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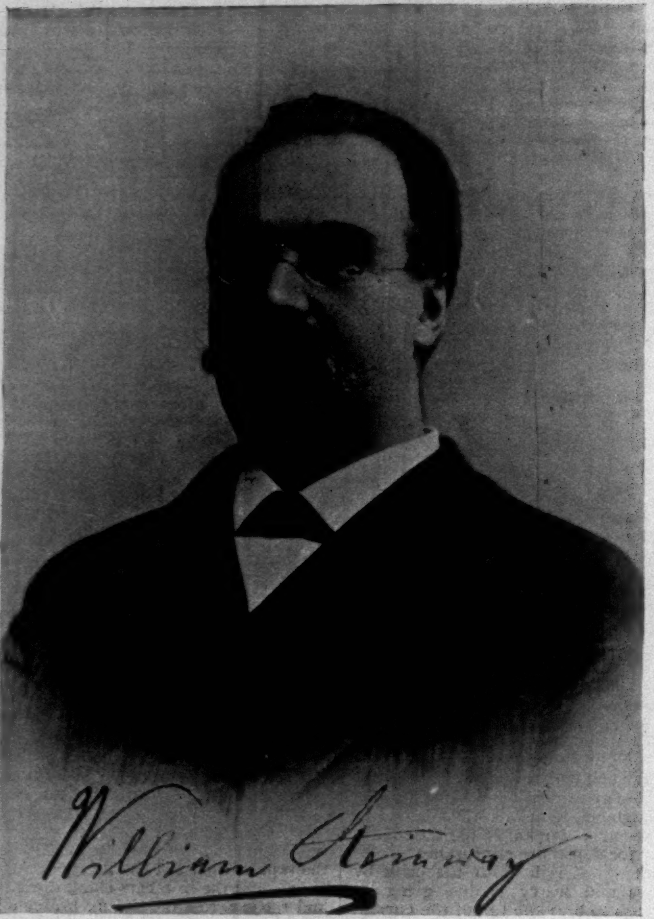
ows of the tall bridge piers creep across the open slant of the landing, one after another, with hoarse wheezing and coughing, they slide away on their twisting course. The rumble of the city gradually hushes, and the deep African voices from the roustabouts' quarters grow more distinct in their boisterous shouting and laughter.

There is still a glow shining from the wharf-boats; the channel lights gleam out red and green on the bridges, and along a thousand miles of winding, shifting channel those strange-looking boats are finding their way, feeling it almost by instinct through the night.

WILLIAM STEINWAY.

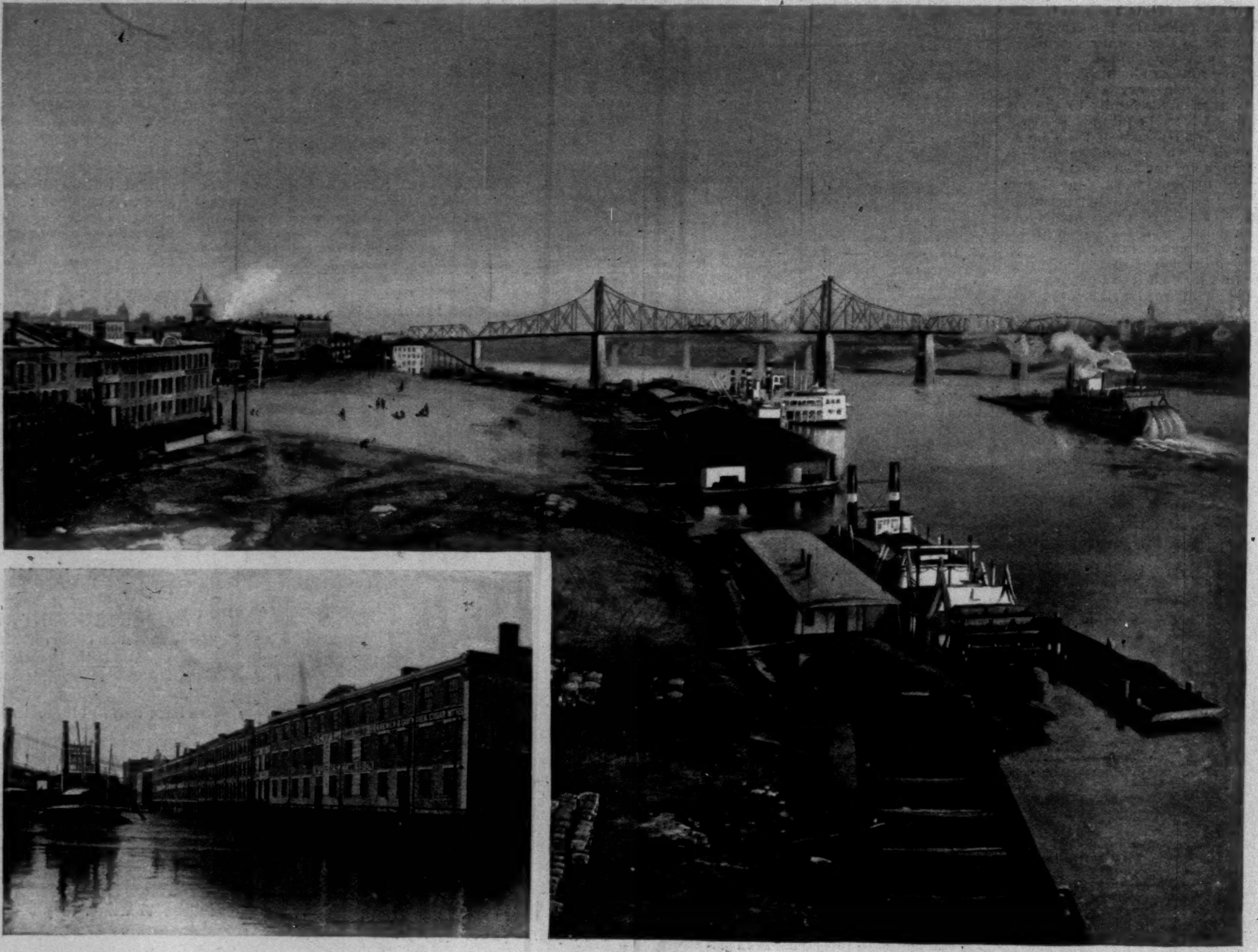


In William Steinway, who died November 30, New York lost a citizen of notable force and capacity; a man hearty and whole-souled, built on a large scale physically and mentally, of prodigious energy, strong in body, comprehensive and able in mind, and of extraordinary diligence in whatever he undertook. He leaves not one vacant place, but many. He is missed as the head of a great manufacturing house, as a citizen of great and wholesome influence in State, city, and national politics, as a generous supporter of many charitable and educational interests, and very notably as a leader among Americans of German descent in enterprises of all sorts, but especially in the cultivation of music. He was but sixty years old. Several weeks ago he was taken with typhoid fever, but his recovery was expected and seemed to be progressing, until a sudden relapse came on November 29.

The story of his life is a record of success honestly and laboriously won. He was born in 1836, in Seesen, near Brunswick, Germany, and was educated in the schools of his native village. The son of Henry Engelhard Steinway, a piano manufacturer, he showed a strong aptitude for music, and when in 1850 he came with his father and brothers to New York, he was offered the choice of trade or a musical education. He chose trade, and was apprenticed to William Nunns & Co., with whom he worked for two years, until the firm failed. In 1853 he joined his father and two brothers in the business of piano-making, under the firm name of Steinway & Sons. The Steinways made good pianos, and their business grew fast. In 1857 they built the factory on Fourth Avenue, and enlarged it in 1863. As the concern increased, the labor of management was divided, and William took charge of the mercantile and financial end. Two of the brothers, Charles and Henry, died in 1865, the father in 1871, another brother, Albert, in 1877, and Theodore in 1889, leaving William the only surviving member of the original firm. In 1866 the firm built in Fourteenth Street the building which contains Steinway Hall, with the offices and warerooms adjoining. In 1872 it established large factories at Astoria and Steinway, Long Island. These factories interested Mr. Steinway in Long Island City, to which he was for years a liberal benefactor, building schools and churches for it, founding libraries, paying the salaries of school-teachers, operating a street railway at a large annual loss, and sparing neither money nor personal effort to advance its welfare. The same liberal methods characterized his other dealings. His private benefactions were unceasing; his gifts for musical education were scattered over two continents. He established prizes in the schools of Seesen, his native village, and gave the town a park. He and the pianos of his firm became nearly as well known in Europe as at home. He was chosen a member of the Royal Prussian Academy of Fine Arts at Berlin, and later, in 1893, received the order of the Red Eagle from the German Emperor. He was also a member of the Royal Academy of Arts at Stockholm, Sweden, and of the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia of Rome.

At home Mr. Steinway's activities included business, politics, benevolence, and music. While averse to holding office, he did not refuse labors which seemed due from him as a citizen. He declined appointments offered him by Mr. Cleveland, including, it is said, that of Secretary of State, but he served the city of New York as Rapid Transit Commissioner, and served also actively in 1871 on the Committee of Safety, which overthrew Tweed. In 1888 he represented New York in the National Democratic Committee. In 1892 he was one of the Democratic electors at large, and as president of the electoral college at Albany cast the vote of New York for Mr. Cleveland. In 1882, he presided at the mass meeting in the Cooper Institute which endorsed Mr. Hewitt's candidacy for Mayor, and again in 1892 at the great meeting in the same place when Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Schurz made speeches. Twelve times he was chosen president of the Liederkranz Society, and he was an honorary member of the Arion, a member of the American Geographical Society and the New York Historical Society, one of the founders and a director of the Bank of the Metropolis, and an officer of several other banks and companies.

Mr. Steinway's funeral, on December 2, at the German Liederkranz Hall, gave remarkable evidence of the esteem and affection in which he was held. Three thousand people were gathered in and about the building. The funeral music was by Madame Eames-Story, Mr. Édouard de Reszké, Mlle. Olitzka, and the Liederkranz Chorus. Mr. Carl Schurz pronounced a eulogy, and Mr. Julius Hoffman spoke on behalf of the society. Among the pall-bearers were Mayor Strong and the Consul-General of the German Empire.



THE PUBLIC "LANDING" AT HIGH WATER.

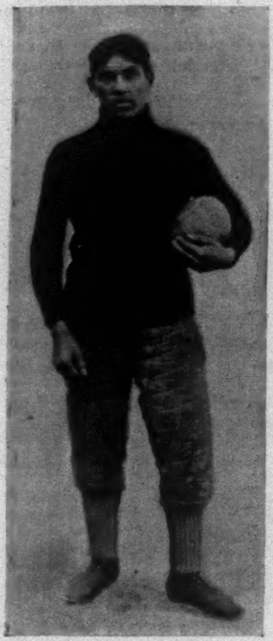
WHARF-BOATS ALONG THE PUBLIC LANDING, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE RIVER-FRONT OF A WESTERN CITY.—[See Page 1227.]

AMATEUR-SPORT

When serious accidents occur to the riders or drivers of horses, to the men who go afield with shot-gun or rifle, to swimmers, to bicyclists, to skaters, they are commented on by the press merely as of the day's happenings, and accepted by the public as among those casualties to which man, in the pursuit of his business and his recreation, is heir.

But let a serious accident result from indulgence in football, and forthwith the floodgates of criticism are flung wide open. Editors parade it as a text for wholesale and absolutely unlearned censure of the game, and those faint-hearted creatures to whom vigorous, hardy physical endeavor is abhorrent seize upon the unfortunate occasion as one to justify their timidity, and for rancorous attack upon football.



BEMIS PIERCE,
Captain and Right Guard of the Indian Eleven.

Why is such unfair attack made upon this game? Is it really so great a menace to life and limb, and are its accidents more numerous than those furnished by other sports in which there is also an element of danger? Let us see. First of all, how many sports have no element of danger? There are golf, and tennis, and croquet, and marbles, and mumble-the-peg, and leap-frog, and squat tag, and possibly a few others which I do not recall at the moment. Is it desirable to restrict the play of boys and young men to these games? Do we want a race of Americans fearful of bagging its trousers or of sustaining a few bruises? or is this country the better off for having citizens made courageous and hardy and alert by vigorous games in which there is an element of danger? I do not propose here to discuss this side of the question; the world's history provides sufficient illustration and the every-day life of most of us furnishes convincing argument of the value of manly attributes. Ignorant editors may criticise, and pusillanimous detractors may slander, but strength and valor and pertinacity of purpose are among the necessary qualities to successful human endeavor, and no game nourishes them more abundantly than football. These, together with a sound mind, are the characteristics of men of action. And men of action keep the world moving.

But to the accidents of football as compared with those of other sports holding an element of danger. I suppose my experience and observation in the world of sport may confidently be accepted as a little beyond that of the average spectator. Participation in games and sport of all kinds marked the days of my boy and young-man hood; for the past ten years I have devoted myself exclusively to studying the field of amateur sport and commenting on its development, and during the last six years I have made two complete tours of the United States and Canada, each one taking three months, and made besides one three-month visit to Great Britain, all in the same interest.

In all this time, and over this considerable area of observation, I have never had a friend, nor even an acquaintance, who was killed or permanently injured by football, and certainly my acquaintance with football-players is rather extensive. On the other hand, I have an acquaintance who lost his eye, and one damaged for life, playing polo; four friends have been drowned by the upsetting of a sail-boat; two by the overturning of a racing-shell; three drowned while swimming, two while skating; two killed in hunting, one by an infuriated grizzly-bear, and the other by a defective rifle; one killed by careless handling of a shot-gun; and one killed by one of those didn't-know-it-was-loaded fools who was fingering a revolver. Several friends and as many acquaintances have been killed, and several badly crippled, while riding or driving horses.

It is practically impossible to estimate correctly the number of boys and young men who played football in the United States in, say, the season just closed. One could make only the wildest guess at it. Perhaps if the number of schools having one hundred boys or over could be obtained, a vague idea might be had of the number of football-players, for probably a good seventy-five per cent. of them support an eleven. At all events, the number is vast, and so far beyond that actively engaged in any other game, baseball excluded, as to make comparison of no consequence. Considering the number of men playing football, the list of accidents is smaller than that furnished by any other sport into which an element of danger enters. And the list of fatalities is much smaller, even without taking into consideration the comparative disparity in the number of men engaged. As for mere accidents,—the city of New York probably furnishes more broken arms and legs and more contusions from bicycling than are recorded in football throughout the United States. And yet the bicycle is not held up as a terrible engine of destruction.

In twenty years of football there have been, so far as I have been able authentically to trace, six deaths, two of them in this last year, directly due to football. Permanent injuries are of very infrequent occurrence, and I have not learned of enough even to start a list. Yet another fact. Every one of these fatal injuries has been received in a game between either teams of immature players or teams at colleges or schools where football was of very recent introduction.

Certainly no one will deny that the hardest games in the country have been played by the Eastern colleges, particularly by Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania. There has never been a death as the result of football injury at any one of these colleges, and I have never heard of a permanent injury resulting from play between these elevens. The most serious accident, and the only one of its kind I have ever seen, was a crushed breastbone, and the man who suffered that is strong and well to-day.

Do not these facts outweigh the hysterical diatribes continuously launched against football?

Football is a rough game; of that there is no doubt; and it is susceptible of improvement; but the most serious accidents are broken collar-bones and twisted ankles and knees. Broken collar-bones are of much less frequent occurrence than the twisted ankles and knees, and surely none is so serious as to warrant condemnation of the game as "degraded and ignoble." This season recorded but one broken collar-bone, I believe, among the four leading universities, and these four alone had about two hundred men trying for the 'varsity teams. There were, too, few twisted ankles and knees, and the majority of those were at Harvard, where the training has been decidedly defective for a couple of years.

When accidents do occur, they are almost invariably magnified by the sensation-mongers of the "new journalism." On the rare occasions of a death, no terms are too dramatic to describe the "horrible brutality" of play which caused it. By way of illustration, I publish a letter which will explain itself:

> Crete, Nebraska, *November 19, 1896.*
>
> Dear Sir,—Doubtless your attention will be called to the fact that Bert Serf, a member of the Doane College football team, was killed in a game with Kansas State University, Saturday, November 14, at Lawrence, Kansas. Thinking that you might be called upon to say something about it in the columns of the Weekly, I thought it would be best to write you and call your attention to a few misrepresentations which have appeared in the newspapers. The entire game was remarkably free from all unnecessary roughness, and although the score was very close up to the last minute, the best of feeling prevailed on both sides.
>
> The score was ten to four in favor of Kansas, with the ball about on Doane's thirty-yard line, in possession of the former, But forty-five seconds remained to play. Speaks, the Kansas full-back, was given the ball, and after circling Doane's left, was tackled by Serf just before reaching the goal. Not having time to brace himself very strongly before making the tackle, Serf fell under the runner, striking his head violently on the ground, which was very hard. His arms immediately relaxed their hold, and Speaks crawled to the goal-line. Two doctors were at his side in a moment. He was taken to a hotel, and from that time on had the very best medical aid which Lawrence could afford. He died at 11.10 P. M., from concussion of the brain.
>
> Several reports have gone abroad that Serf was not in a condition to play, and was repeatedly hurt during the game, and even that he played part of the time in a dazed condition. Other reports have said that the management was repeatedly advised to take him out of the game. One enterprising correspondent even went so far as to give the name of one of the professors who went out on the field and advised his removal. On inquiry after the game I found that the professor named was not on the grounds at all that day. Serf was not hurt but once before in the entire game, and then took out but two minutes' time. This was very near the end of the first half. At the end of the ten minutes' intermission I asked him if he was all right, and he insisted that he was; I saw no reason for removing him. He was not at any time in a dazed condition, for no one could play quarter-back as he did for a full half without making a mistake and be in such condition. During this time he placed several kicks very accurately and took part in several double passes. As to being advised to take him out of the game, I can say that only once was such a suggestion offered, and that was by Captain Hammil of the Kansas team when Serf was first hurt. He insisted, however, that he was all right and able to play, so I took his word for it and really believed that he was.
>
> Some have said that he had not recovered from an injury received in a game three weeks before, when he had been taken from the field. With regard to this I can only say that he was not allowed to practise for a week after that game because of the exercise bringing a pain to his head. Not until he assured us that he was perfectly well did we again let him go to work. On the way from here to Lawrence he was in the best of spirits, and apparently in good physichl condition. I sincerely believe that if it had not been for the blow received in the last part of the game young Serf would have been as well as any of us to-day.
>
> I have now given you the simple facts of the case, all of which I can fully substantiate, in order that you might not be misled by the vari-

DAVID FULTZ,
Brown's Star Half-back, who made the 80-yard Run for Touch-down against Yale.

H. C. Smither, Sub. Henry Way, Sub. H. S. Morgan, Sub.
C. A. Baender. W. E. Gillmore. T. F. Frissell, Sub. W. B. Burtt, Sub. A. E. Williams. C. B. Humphrey. W. F. Nesbitt. R. S. Abernethy, Sub.

T. A. Roberts, Manager. C. A. Romeyn. E. D. Scott. Malin Craig. E. H. Humphrey. W. D. Connor, Capt. W. D. Scales. C. W. Hall. F. M. Savage.

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY ELEVEN, WEST POINT.

ous newspaper reports with which the country is filled, and that you might have the truth before you in case you should comment on the circumstances in any way.

Yours truly,
S. H. Lee,
Captain Doane Football Team.

Careful preparation is essential to the playing of football, and only men who are absolutely sound in wind and limb should be permitted to engage in so vigorous a game. Admonition of this kind is not needed in the East, where skilful supervision is employed; but in the West and South and among the schools candidates are not submitted to such close inspection, and once in a while a boy physically unfitted to the demands of the game is fatally hurt, like the poor little chap in Brooklyn last week, and then is raised the hue-and-cry against football. Another cause of injury is the practice held in some sections of playing schoolboys against teams of young men, or of school teams playing a mature instructor or coach. It is positively criminal to permit growing boys of twelve or fourteen to play against those of eighteen or thereabouts. It is about as reprehensible for the principal of a school to permit the playing of a professor or any mature man under one guise or another.

Football can be and will be improved just as rapidly as its development shows the need; meantime, what the country requires chiefly is deliverance not from the game, but from the sensational newspaper stories which are put into circulation with the opening of every season. What the game itself needs is more careful attention from college faculties and school principals, an insistence upon close inspection of the candidates by competent physical directors, and proscription of games with teams composed of older boys. When this is accomplished, let the good work be crowned by a regulation that no boy shall play on a team unless his scholarship standing is up to a given standard. And then shall we have football-players sound both in body and mind.

They are seeking, over in Boston town, explanation of Harvard's lack of endurance in the second half of the Pennsylvania game. This in itself is not a unique supplement to the Harvard football season, and would receive no comment here except for the unusual and untenable conclusions with which my name is associated.

I am quoted, entirely without permission, in both Boston and Philadelphia newspapers, as believing the results of the football year to show Harvard sorely in need of a preliminary training season, and that in the victories of Princeton and Pennsylvania, the two colleges tolerating preliminary work, is to be found justification of the preliminary training I have hitherto criticised. This does not limit the liberty taken with my name, nor is this all I am said to believe, but it is enough to furnish me a text.

To expose, first of all, the supposititious basis upon which this pretty argument was raised,—Princeton had no regular preliminary football-training season, and has not permitted one for two years; Harvard this year had as much—if indeed not more—preliminary practice-work than Princeton. For about a week or ten days, three or four of the Princeton half-back candidates, who happened to be at Asbury Park on their own responsibility, practised punting, handling the ball, etc. For the same length of time some six or eight of the Harvard team visited Professor Beale at his country place, and took daily practice.

Pennsylvania is the only Eastern university which officially recognizes or unofficially tolerates preliminary football training, and her exhibition of greater endurance in the second half of the Philadelphia game was due rather to Harvard's improper preparation and handling than to Pennsylvania's longer period of training. As between Pennsylvania and Harvard, it was not a question of mere length of time in training, but of skill in training, and Pennsylvania showed immeasurably superior.

Indeed, I am convinced, and I think the records bear me out, that this year, as it did in '95 and '94, Pennsylvania's preliminary training operated to the disadvantage, rather than to the advantage, of her eleven in the Harvard games. At the very beginning of each of these football seasons Penn.'s eleven has naturally shown greater advance in concerted play than any one of the other large teams, but the end of the first month of each season has seen the Penn. team in a period of reaction, and exhibiting weaker football than the other teams of its class.

The season just closed furnished perhaps more emphatic evidence than the preceding two. Pennsylvania had three weeks of preliminary practice, and began the season with a greater number of veterans than had any other one of the four large teams, yet her play up to the second week in November was most uncertain, and never reached the standard of last year. She was defeated by Lafayette, which, although a strong team, had no license to beat Penn., and Harvard's foolish attempt to run when she should have kicked was what actually gave Penn. the two points (from a safety) that won her the Harvard game. Yet it was in the Pennsylvania team to have beaten Harvard, in her tired condition, by at least four or six points more.

Does it argue very much for a preliminary season that—without such advantage, with her best half-back unable to straighten out one of his legs, her best end and both tackles half crippled and off the team the greater part of the season because of bad knees, and her team so badly trained as to weaken perceptibly in the second half—Harvard should play so close a game with Pennsylvania, which had a larger percentage of veteran material and a full three weeks of preliminary practice?

Taking all the facts into consideration, Harvard played a remarkable game, and made in reality the better showing of the two.

If preliminary training was so largely responsible for Pennsylvania's success, why was not its value in evidence earlier in the season's play, particularly against Lafayette, than whom Pennsylvania should have been at that time at least one touch-down the stronger. Fumbling and general demoralization were the characteristics of Pennsylvania's team for the first month of play; and these are surely neither desirable nor the heralded results of preliminary practice. The claims advanced by those favoring preliminary practice are, considering them purely from a football point of view: (1) That it provides drilling in the fundamentals. (2) Hastens the fitness of players. (3) Minimizes injuries in the regular season's play.

Taking the team of Pennsylvania, the only prominent university advocate of preliminary work, by way of illustration, its '96 record does not show it to have been the beneficiary in any one of these three particulars; 'twas just in the fundamentals the team revealed its greatest weakness for the first month;—the physical condition was no better than that of the Yale or the Princeton players, and its accidents were quite as many as at these two universities. I am leaving Harvard out of this comparison, because the accidents to her players and their poorer physical condition were due to inefficient training. Pennsylvania's magnificent physical condition is accounted for by the superior training and general handling of the men throughout the regular season.

Discussing the subject on broad lines;—it has been found that whatever little good is got out of preliminary training by a perhaps better grasp of the details of play on the beginning of the regular season is more than neutralized by the "slump" which is certain to follow about the middle of the season. The players get too much football; they are saturated with it, and grow stale.

The real reason for advocating preliminary training is the hope held out annually, at the beginning of the football year, that the college adhering to it gains a few extra chances of winning. But even this hope should be shattered by now.

For instance;—Pennsylvania, with three weeks more practice than Harvard, defeated the latter by two points, which were acquired more by reason of Harvard's stupid than Pennsylvania's brilliant play. Threshing this preliminary training business to its veriest chaff—was there anything amiss with the physical condition of Yale's team, which had no preliminary practice? and would preliminary practice have given it victory over Princeton? Can criticism be made on Princeton's superb physical condition? Would Pennsylvania's three additional weeks of training have saved her team from defeat had it met Princeton this year? I have yet to learn when preliminary practice worked to the final advantage of a team, but I have in mind several illustrations of its working to a team's detriment, and none are more striking than those furnished by Pennsylvania. Moreover, I remember that the last and most extensive preliminary practice taken by Princeton, and in a year when favored by the return of considerable veteran material, did not save a defeat by Yale, which had no such preliminary practice.

And so we search in vain for the alleged benefits accruing from preliminary football practice. Let us hope we have heard the last of it. All the prominent universities in the East, except Pennsylvania, have abandoned it, and I am confident that the U. of P.'s Athletic Advisory Committee, which has in the last two years given much indubitable proof of its belief in and endeavors for wholesome college sport, will furnish further evidence of its good intentions by prohibiting preliminary practice to its teams.

As for me being quoted in Boston and Philadelphia newspapers as a convert to preliminary training;—I am a little curious to know what that I have ever written could be so misinterpreted. I am now, as I have ever been and always will be, irreconcilably opposed to organized practice or training during vacation, for athletic contests to be held in term-time, whether they be football, baseball, or any other game. I am opposed to such methods of preparation from an athletic as well as from an ethical point of view.

Experience of those that have tried it, together with my own careful observation of its workings, convince me that it does not advance the science of the game, or materially improve the play of the individual, or more certainly inure him to the accidents of the game, or protect him from occasional injury. And all friends of wholesome college athletics are agreed that gathering men together in vacation, and paying their board and lodging in return for daily attendance at football practice, is an offence against the ethics of amateur sport.

Harvard's inferior physical condition as compared with Pennsylvania's, in the second half of their game may not be ascribed to shortness of training period, but rather to failure to make the most of her time and material during that period. Harvard's need is not a preliminary season of practice, but a unification of coaching powers, the establishment of a settled system, and the harmonious co-operation of coaches, trainers, and players along one line of action.

To whatever internal disturbances may be attributed the cause, the fact is, nevertheless, that Harvard football elevens have been seriously handicapped by improper handling. Statistics of the last three years show the number of accidents at Harvard to be overwhelmingly greater than at any one of the other large universities. During that period Harvard has gone into her big games with some of her best men partially recovered from accidents, and some of her most important posts filled by substitutes. For two years her most important games were played without her captains, and this year her captain filled his position in only one of Harvard's big games.

A twisted knee or turned ankle is the occasional episode of football practice, and not for serious concern, but when a team has half its men laid up in this manner there is something radically wrong with the manner of practice or the training. Harvard's teams for the past two years have, in fact, given me the impression of training themselves, and of doing it very poorly. If this is an unwarranted conclusion, then I am forced to the belief that the trainer's instructions have either not been obeyed, or are sadly in need of revision.

A serious hinderance to the best preparation of players at many small colleges, and a possible solution of the difficulty at Harvard, is usurpation by the coaches of the trainer's prerogatives. Too often the coach nullifies his usefulness to a team by disregarding the injunctions as to length of daily practice, etc., of the trainer. If a trainer is held responsible, as he certainly should be, for the physical condition of a team, his authority should be undisputed and his directions followed implicitly. A disregard of these first principles in fitting men for supreme athletic endeavor is responsible, I fear, for Harvard's troubles. If such be the case, Harvard's athletic authorities should correct it before another season brings a repetition of the last two. That the situation is one for concern, none will deny.

If Harvard and Yale renew their athletic relations, as they surely will, if not before the end of the year, then next July, it is earnestly to be hoped that in drawing up their agreement the general cause of wholesome college sport will have equal consideration with their respective prejudices one way or another. Hitherto there has been too much straining to carry "points"; too apparent a desire to secure some advantage. In this resumption of athletic relations there is opportunity furnished to raise a standard and provide regulations that will redound immeasurably to the credit of Harvard and Yale, and set an estimable example to all the colleges of this country. We should rather see Harvard and Yale remain apart than come together on the old basis that permitted of undignified and unsportsmanlike squabbles. I feel I know the sentiment at Harvard well enough to assert that they will come together on a basis which precludes unseemly discussion, or not come together at all.

I have always believed there should be a standing arbitration committee made up of one representative each from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania, empowered to call in a fifth non-partisan in case of disagreement, and that such a committee should promulgate uniform rules for all, covering eligibility, scholarship standard necessary to membership on teams, length of playing-time, allegiance, etc. The possibility of a wrangle between colleges should be forever provided against, and Harvard and Yale have now a golden opportunity of gloriously serving American college sport.

The two questions between Harvard and Yale the final adjustment of which is likely to draw most heavily on their sportsmanship are: (1) Selection of ground for football games. (2) Determination of a rowing-course.

Let the dead past bury its dead, and we assume neither side to have been more responsible than the other for the severance of athletic relations. We have then a situation which both should approach in a spirit of give and take, always provided each is fairly dealt with and wholesome sport subserved. Although Harvard elevens are forbidden to play on other than university grounds, it is altogether likely that Springfield, with its collegiate traditions, would be acceptable to Harvard's Athletic Committee.

Yale is pretty apt to give urgency to her expressions of preference for New London, as a rowing-course, over Poughkeepsie. I think we all prefer New London for the college boat-races, and I hope to see the day when we shall there have a week of racing like unto the Henley Regatta; but it is not very clear in my mind how a Harvard-Yale race can be arranged for New London next June. Harvard is bound by agreement to row Cornell, not necessarily at Poughkeepsie, to be sure; but insomuch as Cornell must row Columbia and Pennsylvania at Poughkeepsie, Harvard will not be so discourteous to Cornell as to arbitrarily choose New London for their dual race, and thus compel Cornell's one crew to row one race at New London and another at Poughkeepsie within a couple of weeks.

If Harvard valued the Yale race so highly, of course they could go first to Poughkeepsie, and two weeks subsequently row on the Thames at New London, and they should certainly do this shifting rather than ask as much of Cornell. Yale is not likely to enter a race with Harvard, Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia, and I for one have no criticism to make thereon, personally I prefer dual boat-races, and should like to see Cornell and Columbia and Pennsylvania and Wisconsin and other college eights transfer their shells to the Thames, and the fastest decided by Henley methods.

Harvard probably would be willing to row two races at Poughkeepsie, and considering the situation, it seems to me it would be sportsmanlike and fair for Yale to abandon New London for this year only, and row Harvard on the Hudson.

It would be a most unprecedented exhibition of courtesy if Cornell agreed to shift her crew from New London to Poughkeepsie to please Yale, when there is no good reason why Yale should not go to Poughkeepsie; indeed, I am inclined to think it would be an excess of courtesy from a college which has always been the sportsman, and given a great deal more than she has received. But I feel that Yale sportsmanship will not permit this question of course to become a serious issue in the proposed renewal of Harvard relations, and that she will meet it in a fair, sportsmanly spirit. If she does not, I very much fear there will be no Harvard-Yale boat-race in 1897.

The reunion of Exeter and Andover, after three years of athletic separation, is one of the most pleasing occurrences of the year. And the story of the disagreement of these two great preparatory schools contains a strong sermon against unwholesomeness in sport. Briefly recited, it begins with unhealthful methods creeping into athletic management, and ends with a football game in which men played who were practically hired for the occasion, and had no other pretence for assuming to school representation. In that last game the *personnel* of Exeter's eleven was so offensive as to call down the severest censure from all quarters, and create disruption in athletic relations between the two schools Exeter and Andover.

Since that time Exeter has had a new head master, Mr. Amen, who has labored, and with great success, to purge Exeter athletics of its corrupting influences, and to implant the principle that honest, cleanly play in sport is of the first importance, and the mere winning or losing, as compared with it, entirely beside the mark. It is for the preaching of such wholesome doctrine, more than the resumption of athletic relations, that we rejoice. The head masters of our preparatory schools have even a greater responsibility in this respect than the college faculties, for at the tender, impressible age boys are too easily betrayed into athletic uncleanliness. And if the boy acquires a healthful mind at school, not only will he be impervious to temptation at college, but prove a resolute missionary, on and off the field, for honest sport honestly played.

Caspar Whitney.

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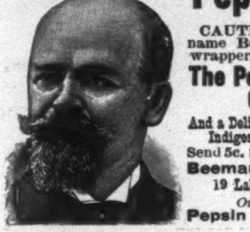

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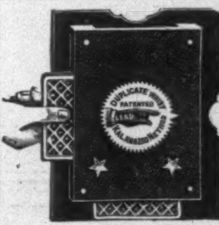
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